The New Statesman and Nation, December 1, 1951

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLII. No. 1082 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] **SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1951** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **NINEPENCE**

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The Great Confusion

THE strange conduct of two Conservative Ministers last week perfectly illustrated the schizophrenia which afflicts the Whitehall mind. Mr. Harold Macmillan announced on Tuesday his housing policy. It was a vicious policy whose effect will be to penalise those most in need of houses to rent; but, mindful of election pledges, the Minister declared that the volume of building would not be reduced. That is, Defence is not to have absolute priority over houses. Yet, almost as soon as Mr. Macmillan had finished, Brigadier Head was on his feet to argue in detail for a Bill which is being rushed through the Commons to enable the War Minister to enrol 200,000 men during 1952 in the Home Guard. This measure, we are solemnly informed, is urgently necessary in order to meet the threat of a Russian parachute invasion, accompanied by widespread sabotage in arms factories and key installations, which the Government is forewarned we must face in the event of war.

In a sane world, the contradictions between Mr. Macmillan's housing programme and Brigadier Head's Home Guard Bill would be so obvious that no Government could dare to undertake both simultaneously. If, during 1952, we can afford to go on building as many houses as ever, then the danger of war must be most reassuringly remote. If, on the other hand, it is really necessary to enrol Home Guard units at once in order to protect East Anglia from Russian invasion, then war must be imminent indeed. And if war were imminent, any sane Government would use our building labour and scarce building materials, not to create even more extensive targets for the Russian strategic bomber force, but to provide air-raid shelters for our civilian population. Mr. Macmillan and Brigadier Head cannot both be right.

That they are both permitted to carry on reveals the blur of wish-fulfilment and self-deception which pervades Whitehall. Our politicians have given their Chiefs of Staff the end of 1953 as the date by which Britain's contribution to the defences of Europe must be ready; and the £4,700m. defence programme can only be justified on the ground that during the next two or three years we shall be facing grave military peril. Yet the logic of the assumption on which the plan is based is too much for Mr. Churchill. He is not prepared to jettison housing in order to build air-raid shelters. He does not introduce the war economy, rationing and direction of labour, without which we cannot conceivably be ready by 1954. Instead, he hits on the compromise of telling Mr. Macmillan that he need not bother to build an air-raid shelter because Brigadier Head is keeping our pecker up with his jolly Home Guard.

There is only one rational explanation of this kind of madness. The reason for our rearmament is not any considered military appreciation of the Red Army's aggressive intentions. Its motives are political, and have much more to do with our dependence on Washington than with our exposed geographical position. The Americans cannot be induced to give away their surplus and so prevent a world slump unless they are persuaded that they are in acute danger of attack. To get the dollars, Mr. Churchill must help to foster *The Great Confusion*. How sane the insanities seem which Sir Norman Angell exposed before the First World War.

Divisions in the Air

There has been an equal air of confusion and unreality in the decisions taken by the N.A.T.O. Council at Rome. By 1952, it would appear, General Eisenhower's planners call for about 34 European divisions on the Continent, in addition to the six American divisions—an increase of 14 divisions on the present strength. By 1954, if the Pleven Plan is finally adopted, this army is to be augmented by 12 German divisions raised by conscription and organised in mixed European Army corps. With additional contributions from existing N.A.T.O. members, the global 1954 target is reportedly to be 100 divisions—an unstated proportion of which are to be "in reserve."

Mr. John Foster Dulles, whose latest demand in a speech at Detroit is for a "striking force of great power" stationed at "convenient places" round the U.S.S.R., can hardly derive great encouragement from this programme. The plans, it is obvious, are military paper targets: they are all to be subject to review by Mr. Harriman's Economic Committee. As far as next year is concerned, we take leave to doubt whether General Eisenhower has the remotest expectation of getting an additional 14 European divisions ready for battle: he still awaits the pledged ten from France. Furthermore, the N.A.T.O. Council seems tacitly to admit that, even if the Pleven Plan is finally ratified, it will

take two years to recruit, train and equip a German army—a delay which seems at least to postpone the European danger point. To balance this a great increase is seemingly planned in "defensive" U.S. air bases in Europe.

The Tories and Africa

The Conservatives have lost little time in striking a distinctive note in colonial affairs. Speaking on the question of Central African federation last week, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton paid no more than lip-service to the principle of protection and trusteeship upon which—and upon nothing else—resides the British right of occupation of territories north of the Zambesi. Mr. James Griffiths, who bears some responsibility for the British Government's having accepted the principle of federation conditional upon African consent—which is lacking in any of the territories concerned—was quick to argue that the Africans must be permitted to lay their case before the British public; but it is clear that the Government does not intend, if it can help it, to concede this elementary right.

White settler sentiment in the meanwhile seems to be moving towards the idea of amalgamating Southern Rhodesia with at least part of Northern Rhodesia, and in this way of ousting the British Parliament's influence at any rate from the Copperbelt and other big areas of actual or prospective White settlement in Northern Rhodesia. That the settlers in Southern Rhodesia now wish to kill federation in its present tentative form—conditional upon African consent and implying, therefore, some concession to the Africans—is suggested by Sir Godfrey Huggins's brutal comment on the Victoria Falls Conference as having "degenerated into a native benefit society led by the Secretary of State." Mr. Stockil, another settler spokesman in Salisbury, has said that he would like to see Sir Godfrey Huggins consult with the settlers of Northern Rhodesia, forget Nyasaland (and presumably Barotseland), and "go ahead towards something concrete."

Faced with those manoeuvres, African sentiment is clearly hardening against any form of "closer association" with Southern Rhodesia—whether or not the dubious principle of "partnership" be conceded. An important African Urban Advisory Council in the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia has declared itself against the acceptance of "partnership" as a step towards federation; and even "moderates" such as Lewanika, Yamba, and Sokota have vehemently followed suit.

Visions of the White House

This is the season in which visions of the White House are most commonly seen, and with the appointment of Senator Lodge to direct the "Eisenhower-for-President" movement, the fight for the Republican nomination has begun in earnest. The choice of Senator Lodge—a leading Republican "liberal"—shows that, following the General's flying visit to Washington, his friends are confident that he is willing to be a candidate, and that he will publicly announce his intentions in the New Year. This means that there are now four serious contenders for the Republican nomination. Apart from General Eisenhower and Senator Taft, between whom the brunt of battle will lie, there are Governor Warren of California (Mr. Dewey's running mate in 1948) and Mr. Stassen, the Republicans' young fogey, who is fast becoming a perennial aspirant.

No doubt Eisenhower's friends have been pressing him to a decision, for, popular as he may be with voters of both parties, he might lose the nomination if he failed to launch a proper pre-convention campaign. Senator Taft, after all, has been busily stumping the country for some time already, lining up support among Republican convention delegates. He appeals strongly to the Republican party regulars, but his greatest handicap is, that while he is easy to visualise as "Mr. Republican" it is hard to see him as "Mr. President." And many Republicans might prefer Eisenhower, though he is no party man, simply because he offers the best chance of winning and sweeping lesser Republican candidates into office on his coat tails. Eisenhower, too, could win votes in the South from Dixiecrats who would not accept Senator Taft, but are unhappy about the present Democratic stand on Negro rights. If General Eisenhower now lets his friends campaign in earnest, he has a very good chance of being the next President.

Fire Service Inquiry

The Government has done well to appoint a special Tribunal to arbitrate on the claims of the Fire Service; and it is to be hoped that its composition will be such as to command confidence and respect on both sides. If the pledge, or what was tantamount to a pledge, given to recruits in 1946—that firemen's status might be expected always to be comparable with that of the police—is to be broken, there will have to be convincing proof of the justification for what appears to be a breach of good faith. Meanwhile, if the Tribunal is to work in an atmosphere of good will, the local authorities would be well advised both to make good the pay withheld from firemen suspended during the "token strike" and, above all, to withdraw the disciplinary charges which are facing thousands of the suspended men. It is important to realise that, except in cases where they were evicted from stations by the police, the suspended firemen, during the demonstration, dutifully answered every fire call, even though in some cities they were told that they had forfeited their rights to compensation if injured. It was the local authorities—and their intentions were certainly known to the Home Office—who deprived the public of fire-cover by suspending men who took part in the demonstration—quite apart from the dangerous action, condemned by the Minister himself, of involving the police in an industrial dispute.

Trouble at Trafford Park

The strike now proceeding at the Manchester works of Metropolitan-Vickers has so far affected only a single department; but the strikers have the support of the Manchester District Committee of the A.E.U. and have appealed to the National Executive of that body. The trouble arises out of the dismissal of a shop steward of long standing, who is also a member of the works committee. The firm alleges that he exceeded his functions in intervening in a matter which was not his direct concern. The strikers retort that the firm have been using welders to do work which belongs to fitters; and this demarcation dispute was the original matter at issue and caused the original stoppage out of which the present strike has developed. For a firm to dismiss a shop steward or works committee member is always a serious matter, calculated to arouse strong trade union feelings. That the other departments of the Metro-Vick concern have so far remained at work and are calling for a negotiated settlement looks as if the dismissed steward and his department had acted hastily, and had given the management some reason for being displeased; but dismissal seems a harsh and misguided way of going about the affair.

East and West in Paris

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Saturday, Vyshinsky made another speech. He spoke for two hours, and told his Western colleagues that they "probably liked his face as little as he liked theirs"—which seemed scarcely a very constructive contribution to the Cause of Peace. Then he took the Western disarmament plan, and amended it in such a way as to make it resemble the Soviet plan *almost* like a twin brother, adding, at the same time, that this "amending" did not imply that he was accepting the Western plan as a basis of discussion. I say "almost" deliberately. For his speech did contain at least one fairly important concession: he no longer insisted that the prohibition of atomic weapons was a condition which had to be fulfilled before any further discussions were possible. This prohibition, Vyshinsky now said, could run concurrently with control. "Pretty useless," "most disappointing," and similar adjectives were employed by Western spokesmen, almost the moment after Vyshinsky had completed his speech. And that is how the whole matter was subsequently presented in practically all the Western newspapers. One fact was, however, overlooked. With his Saturday speech, Vyshinsky—for all his stiff and unbending attitude on most points—was still trying to keep the ball of the disarmament discussions rolling.

Nevertheless, a kind of unreality is pervading the U.N. discussions at the moment. For one thing, far too much is happening outside U.N.; and all this has a damping effect on the seemingly academic U.N. talks. It is rather galling to think that, even in small matters, U.N. is often up against propaganda of the worst sort. Thus, on one Committee the other day, the Swedish delegate made a perfectly reasonable proposal that the representatives of all the nations harbouring Greek children should get together and try to unravel this extremely tricky and complex matter. But no! A business-like approach to any problem by East and West has become something outrageous in the eyes of many. The Belgian delegate, no doubt with an eye on his constituents somewhere in Belgium, burst into a ferocious long harangue "against Communism," and the good effect of the Swedish proposal—which dealt with all the difficult human, administrative and educational aspects of the problem—was wasted.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

More Christmas Books

PARLIAMENT: Two Dress Rehearsals

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent)

"The new House of Commons," someone observed to me during the all-night sitting on Tuesday, "is divided into three parts: first, the Government and its supporters; second, the Parliamentary Labour Party; and, thirdly, the ex-Ministers." There was a spice of truth in his malice. Unable to discard the weight of office and far more deeply committed to what are now the policies of the Tory Government than most of their supporters yet realise, the old Cabinet—with some notable exceptions—forms a caste apart. While the back-benchers bombard each other across a Party chasm, ex-Ministers, along with a few acolytes like Christopher Mayhew and Woodrow Wyatt, seem to be playing patball across the table with Mr. Churchill and his colleagues. Far too obviously, they reserve their energy for sloshing their colleagues below the gangway.

Mr. Shinwell's agile awareness of the danger latent in this situation probably explains the first and quite unexpected all-night sitting of the new Parliament. If Labour leadership was not to slip all too rapidly into Mr. Bevan's hands, someone else had to lead the comrades into ding-dong battle. So, despite an agreement between the Whips to finish the Committee Stage of the Home Guard Bill by 11.30 p.m., we had all the sound and fury of an all-night sitting, including the suspension of Mr. Silverman, four closures (greeted with the routine shouts of "Gag!"), a vast amount of filibustering, some of it funny and some not so funny, and everything under the dramatic command of Captain Shinwell and ex-Sergeant-Major Wigg. Since the Labour Party had accepted the principle of the Bill on the Second Reading (which was not opposed) there was nothing much at issue—which was probably just as well, since a good many things went wrong with the all-night sitting, as they often do at a dress rehearsal. Still, enough was achieved to show that, when something comes up which is really worth opposing all night, the Parliamentary Labour Party will never dry up for lack of speeches, points of order and organised uproar. This Opposition is brimful of obstructive talent and high spirits. All it requires is a sense of direction.

Another dress rehearsal had taken place on Monday, when the Bevanites, rather oddly allied with a group representing the Protectionist interests of North Staffordshire and Lancashire, challenged a division on the Japanese Peace Treaty. Except for half a dozen old China hands, no one, after the persuasive speech of Kenneth Younger, could feel a burning necessity to oppose a ratified Treaty. Yet, in addition to the 33 rebels in the "No" lobby, some 80 Labour M.P.s deliberately abstained from voting, and this means that one-third of the Party disobeyed Mr. Attlee's express injunction to support the Bill.

The official leadership had no right to be as surprised as they looked. Most of their supporters resent the rift in the Party and are still darkly suspicious of Mr. Bevan. But, even if they failed to draw the conclusions of Scarborough, the General Election taught every candidate how far the official leadership had drifted since the Budget, away from the convictions of the local Labour Parties about rearmament and the U.S.A. A split vote on the Japanese Peace Treaty can pass almost without notice. But if Mr. Attlee tried to drive his followers into the Tory lobby when the Defence Estimates are debated next February, there would be serious trouble—and Mr. Bevan would not be the loser. To avoid that trouble, it is not sufficient for Mr. Shinwell to stage a mock battle with Brigadier Head.

Guns *and* Butter?

THE United States is riding the greatest boom in history. Though its spending on armaments and on overseas economic aid alone is now larger than the entire pre-war Federal budget, and though its taxes are once again creeping up towards the wartime rate, it has been able to maintain and even raise American living standards. It was unique among the belligerent Powers, from 1941 to 1945, in producing both guns *and* butter, and it is still unique in repeating that achievement to-day. There are more cars as well as tanks, houses *and* army camps, television sets *and* radar, suits *and* uniforms. In some civilian industries, indeed, and notably in textiles, there are surpluses and price-cutting.

America has thus far avoided the runaway inflation and economic dislocation which was commonly predicted last year, often in terms which conjured up the memory of Ramsay Macdonald waving a billion mark note in front of the 1931 electorate. Senator Taft, and the other spokesmen for middle and small businessmen, prophesied monetary collapse unless Federal expenditure was cut and the burden of taxation reduced. Just as they failed to realise the value of pump-priming in the Thirties, so they still cannot admit that the U.S. economy is now in fact supported by vast Government spending on armaments and foreign aid programmes. They see only the burden that this spending imposes upon the taxpayer and not its importance to the economy as a whole. The pupils of the New Deal economists, however, are not under the same intellectual handicap; for they have no ingrained prejudices against deficit financing, cheap money and public investment. With large-scale State spending, they believe, the American economy is capable of more or less indefinite expansion.

So far, under the stimulus of large-scale Federal expenditure, the facts seem to fit their theory. In 1949 there was a slight recession: the national product was running about ten per cent. below the peak of the war years. But by the middle of this year, it passed that peak. It has been able to do this because industrial productivity has been rising at about five per cent. every year—a rate which would double the national income every fifteen years—and this increase, in the opinion of such official economists as Mr. Leon Keyserling, is sufficient to permit a vast increase in Federal spending (mainly on arms) without making any serious inroads on civilian standards, and without releasing uncontrollable inflation.

Government spending, in short, has released the expansive power of American industry because it has by-passed the traditional dilemma of capitalist expansion—the disposal of the surplus. But it has done so at the price of postponing the day of reckoning. It is creating a vast new productive capacity which cannot be satisfactorily employed unless there continues to be very large-scale Government enterprise or sharp redistribution of the national income.

Now it may be theoretically immaterial whether the Government's spending takes the form of armaments or public works. But there are vital political issues involved. To secure full employment of present industrial capacity, *in the absence of rearmament*, an annual investment (or a Budget deficit) of about $80 billions would probably be required. This, under present American conditions, represents the classic "gap" between production and consumption under capitalism. And it can be closed only by such an investment programme or by income redistribution achieved by heavy taxation. The closing of the "gap" and the consequent full use of American resources (in contrast to the stagnation after 1930) might in theory be directed towards a rapid increase in the standard of life in the U.S.; or part of the output thus achieved could be diverted to foreign countries—virtually as gifts—to offset the increasing inequality in international wealth.

But both of these objectives are politically most difficult, if not impossible, to realise. Congress will vote money for arms, even for strategically justified economic aid. But it will not vote the Government into private business, apart from arms, or into a full-blown Welfare State. Most Congressmen have the mind of small business, and small business asks nothing more than to be let alone to enjoy lower taxes. It does not yet realise that vast Government expenditure has become both *normal* and *essential* to the American economy. Such spending, so long as it is confined to security purposes, is acceptable, but the conviction persists that, should the need for arms diminish, private enterprise methods could close the "gap" without State aid and maintain an expansionist economy without carrying the unpleasant burden of huge public investment, or facing the political problems raised by heavy taxation and a redistribution of the national income. To put it bluntly, while this illusion is widely held in the U.S., the prospect is either one of immense spending on arms or a serious recession.

Does this mean, however, that the American arms bill must be cumulative, mounting higher each year to mop up the growing productive capacity? Before long, it might come to this. But not yet. For the moment, the American economy seems to be enjoying a phase of equilibrium. One reason is that, despite the spectacular increase in authorised armament spending—from $20 billions in the first half of 1950 to $60 billions for the fiscal year which began this July—actual production is lagging a long way behind orders owing to bottlenecks in machine tool, raw material and labour supplies. It may easily be as much as eight months behind schedule, so that the rate planned for this year will not be reached until late next year. This increase (about $20 billions p.a.) could occur without producing a sharp inflation because it is more or less in step with the growth of productivity (estimated at $15 billions p.a.).

At the same time, there has been a decline in business inventories and a rise in personal savings, despite some fluctuations caused by war panics—such as the outbreak of fighting in Korea and, later, the Chinese intervention—which led to hoarding purchases both by merchants and the public. Unless inventories do begin to rise again or savings taper off, there

will continue to be a deflationary down-draft in the American economy to offset the inflationary up-draft of arms spending. Thus, in the short run, this balance may hold off both the predicted inflation and, conversely, the recession that would follow any drastic cut in Government expenditure. But a new war scare could upset it, and annul the present marriage of guns and butter, both by boosting the public's spending at the expense of its saving and by evoking a violent increase over the present arms budget.

What of the long-term prospect? If Federal pump-priming on a colossal scale has become a necessary part of the U.S. economy, can America afford to dispense with the arms programme, even should international tension begin to diminish? At the moment, the delicate balance in the American economy neatly matches the precarious balance between open conflict and peace that we call the cold war, and the U.S. Government is certainly making an effort to keep the two in step. Defence spending is well below the peak wartime proportion of the national income. How long, however, can this last? If world war does not come, will America seek indefinitely to bridge the "gap" by an arms programme, or will Congress be converted to vast Government budgets for domestic social reforms and foreign aid? The dismal answer is that too few Americans even realise that the "gap" exists at all, and that the immediate reaction of a Taft-minded Congress to hopes of peace would be to start pruning the Federal budget and "liberating" the American taxpayer. Until America comes to accept something very much like the social programme of the 1945 Labour Government, its choice is bound to remain the tragic one between armaments and chronic recession. And that choice has depressing implications for the rest of us.

Feather-bedding Market Gardeners

WITHIN a few weeks of an election fought —and won—on the cost of living issue, the new Conservative Government has taken a number of steps whose immediate result has been to increase prices. The suspension of open general licences for certain imports from Europe has immediately sent up the price here of tinned ham and apples and other foods, and everyone knows that the long-term effect of these restrictions must be to increase the inflationary pressure at home. Politicians of both parties tend to accept this situation with a shrug as an unfortunate by-product of financial emergency. Retreat from liberalisation? A pity, but unavoidable. The fact is, of course, that liberalisation of trade has always been contrary to Conservative instincts, despite the brave new European attitudes struck at Strasbourg, and that, independently of any financial crisis, a new attack on it by home producers has been maturing for a long time.

In February last the National Farmers' Union approached the Labour Government with the plea that British horticulture was in the doldrums and that the only way to save it was by a steep increase in the tariffs on imported fruit and vegetables. "Home produce," ran the statement which the N.F.U. presented to the Board of Trade, "cannot stand the strain of irregulated and unco-ordinated imports." It therefore asked that the tariffs imposed in 1932 should be brought up to a level more in keeping with present prices. The Labour Government, knowing that fruit and vegetable imports have been pretty stringently "regulated" since the war, first by licensing and then by quotas and stop dates, was giving these proposals somewhat sceptical examination when the election came. The proposals now come before a Conservative Government, strongly rooted in the rural areas, and the consumer is faced with a new menace against which Co-ordinator Woolton seems unlikely to protect him.

The Labour Government was never, of course, a free-trade Government. Not only did it control imports rigorously in the interests of the balance of payments but it showed, if anything, excessive tenderness towards the growers' claim for protection against the import of fruit and vegetables. Only last January the N.F.U. was congratulating itself on having secured longer "closed period" concessions for 1951 and even smaller quotas. The Board of Trade agreed that the restrictions on the import of cauliflower and broccoli, lettuce, cucumbers, radishes and tomatoes, should operate earlier this year, and that in many cases import quotas should be reduced. As it happened, some of the earlier stop dates had to be abandoned, and quotas increased, because the late season had produced almost a famine of home supplies; but even these last-minute relaxations did not prevent a serious shortage of certain vegetables and high prices seriously hit the ordinary family.

This restriction of imports has, of course, been in addition to the protection given by the combination of *ad valorem* and specific duties introduced in 1932. The N.F.U. now argues that the general rise in prices has robbed specific tariffs of a good deal of their protective value, to which the importers (who are fiercely contesting this new attempt to restrict trade) retort that the cost of freight and packaging have risen, too, and are now so costly that to talk, as the N.F.U. does, of the "dumping" of foreign produce here is sheer nonsense.

One of the bitterest complaints by home producers is against the import of Italian cauliflower at a time when the Cornish grower is trying to market his winter broccoli. The cost of bringing a cauliflower from Italy at present rates is nearly 6*d.* each, compared with a cost of production here of about 2*d.* each. The Cornishman therefore enjoys a high degree of "natural protection" in addition to the effect of existing tariffs and, far from being "dumped," the Italian cauliflower usually sells at a much higher price than the average home product. Yet despite this, it *does* sell because it is well graded and packed. The Cornishman's produce fetches just as good a price when it is well graded, but what the home grower really wants is a closed market in which "anything goes," irrespective of quality.

How much protection does British horticulture need and in what form? The present tariffs were applied to save a dying industry. The situation in the 1930s was so exceptional that even some ardent Free Traders were converted to the need for protection, and J. M. Keynes stirred up a mighty controversy by an article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in March, 1931, arguing the case for a revenue tariff on a wide range of necessities, including food. It is ironical to read, 20 years later, Lionel Robbins' retort to Keynes that a tariff "once imposed is not likely to remain at its initial level. Most tariffs have started as small tariffs, but they have an inherent tendency to grow." To-day his warning is being amply justified. The N.F.U. wants these tariffs to grow, although world prices are at a record level and the problem Britain faces is not unemployment, but shortage of labour.

It is against this new background that the N.F.U.'s resort to an old remedy must be considered. The British grower's livelihood is often precarious, but is it "the flood" of foreign imports that is responsible? To answer this fairly we must not lump the whole of horticulture together, as the N.F.U. tries to do. Market gardening is a very varied industry, and the solution of one man's problem may not be the solution of another's. If we break market gardening down into its main divisions—vegetables, soft fruit, top fruit and glasshouse production—we find that growers as a whole are being mobilised in the interests of only a limited section.

Certainly the man who grows our main vegetables—cabbage, brussels sprouts, root vegetables, potatoes, celery, outdoor lettuce and so on—cannot blame imports for his difficulties. The bulk of these supplies are produced so cheaply (mainly on farms rather than small holdings) that European growers, faced with heavy freight charges, cannot compete. We produce in season more than enough of these vegetables to feed our own people, and over the year as a whole imports of these basic vegetables are less than 1 per cent. of home production. It is only when there *is* a crop failure at home, and prices soar, that imports become financially feasible.

In soft fruit the position is much the same. Most of the varieties on which the N.F.U. are asking for higher tariffs are not imported at all during the home season when the gluts of which the grower complains occur. These "gluts" are due, not to imports, but to bad marketing which causes delays and unnecessarily high transport costs. Imports of strawberries, currants and gooseberries are already restricted under a quota system—a higher tariff would merely send up the price of early supplies that come in before the main home season.

It is on the subject of top fruit—mainly apples and pears—that most of the argument has centred in the last few weeks. Growers have never forgiven the Government for abandoning the import duty on apples, and every autumn the cry goes up from our orchards that good English apples are rotting on the ground while foreign imports "flood" the market. The truth is, of course, that we do not grow at home anything like enough dessert apples for our needs and that many of the apples "rotting on the ground" are cookers or cider apples whose imports are negligible in any case. Even where the apples which the grower has left on his hands are eating apples, they are usually windfalls of such poor quality that they are not worth the cost of collection and transport. Good quality English dessert apples, well graded and packed, will always fetch a good price against their foreign competitors because their flavour is so superior. When, on January 1, 1951, Continental apples were let in under open general licence, English eating apples still fetched a higher price.

There is, in fact, only one small section of horticulture whose profitability depends on import restrictions. This is the glasshouse section which grows such exotic fruits as nectarines, peaches and grapes and early forced crops of tomatoes and other salad stuffs. The duties put on in 1931-33 were deliberately designed to expand this section by offsetting advantages in climate which foreign countries enjoy. But in the 1930s there was unemployment and a surplus of raw materials, whereas to-day we face acute shortages of labour, materials and fuel. Are we justified

in continuing to stimulate artificially such uneconomic production by stopping imports grown more economically elsewhere? To produce hothouse tomatoes in this country for the early market at the beginning of May costs about 9*d.* to 10*d.* a pound (and also consumes a good deal of fuel), whereas tomatoes grown in a cold house are available at the end of June or early July at a cost of production of only about 3*d.* to 3½*d.* per pound. If the N.F.U. proposals are accepted, a specific tariff would be levied on tomatoes at a figure per pound high enough, and at a date early enough, to keep out all rivals to the English hothouse tomato. This is a serious matter for the housewife who would be obliged to pay during May and early June about 3*s.* 6*d.* a lb. for English hothouse tomatoes when, without the tariff, foreign supplies would cost half that price.

This then is the feather-bedding which the N.F.U. wants at consumers' expense, while turning hopefully to the new Government. The Labour Party has never been afraid of "regulation" where this has served a national production plan, as in agriculture, but in market gardening there has been no plan, only violent fluctuations in production and price, and the continuance of out-of-date marketing methods from which the grower and the housewife alike have suffered. Twenty years ago the Import Duties Advisory Committee, when recommending the new duties, warned that "great importance must . . . be attached to improvement in marketing methods, including the organised assembly, grading and packing of the product, and the progress made in this direction must be kept under observation in connection with any future review of the duties." Over market gardening as a whole the progress made in this direction has been negligible. The danger is that higher duties now would postpone it indefinitely. BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

AMONG other important questions raised by the letter from Mr. Frank Byers in this week's correspondence columns is whether the Americans are responsible for the long delays in reaching a cease-fire agreement in Korea. Actually we were quoting American and British correspondents on the spot, and I still wonder why General Ridgeway has been so very tough about ground north of the 38th Parallel. Similarly I see no reason for altering the view that the Russian demand for the destruction of atom piles now is any more "unrealistic" than the Western demand that the U.S.S.R. should allow inspection of Soviet war plants at a time when Russia is ringed round with hostile bases stocked with atomic bombs. And I'm bothered if I can see how you can expect an agreement, even if only an agreement to differ, if you begin by saying that the agreement will not be worth the paper it's written on, anyway! But I grant one point to Byers. This journal stresses criticism of American rather than of Russian policy because it is written in English and read by English-speaking people; its influence in Russia is unlikely to be great. If we were free to say our say in Warsaw or Moscow, I suspect the balance would be the other way round.

* * *

So it was not this journal, after all, that made a martyr of General MacArthur. There were other "ragpickers of modern literature . . . jittery experts . . . and journalistic soothsayers" who, combining the "panting eagerness of a sidewalk huckster and the unctuous concern of an undertaker," went "out of their way to create defeatist thought patterns." Their names? Well, there were *Time* magazine and *Newsweek* and, among individuals, Joe Alsop, Drew Pearson, Hanson Baldwin and Homer Bigart. They were all at it earlier this year, giving aid and comfort to the Communists and forcing President Truman unjustly to dismiss General MacArthur. Let me explain that this farrago of nonsense does not come from the pen of a political satirist. It appears in the current issue of *Cosmopolitan* over the signature of General Willoughby, the most intimate aide and confidant of MacArthur. It would be laughable rather than tragic if Willoughby had not been MacArthur's Intelligence chief in Korea. Nothing could reveal more clearly why the President had to fire MacArthur.

* * *

Every now and again something happens to remind us of the risks we run by our habit of leaving ancient statutes unrepealed. Take, for example, the Justices of the Peace Act, 1360. This Statute of Edward III empowers justices to bind over "preventively" people thought likely to break the peace, and it can be used to restrain perfectly law-abiding citizens from "whatever act" (to quote *Burn's Justice*) "is of itself a misbehaviour," whether that misbehaviour would be specifically unlawful or not. Accordingly, anyone whose way of life fails to commend itself to the police can be brought before the magistrates and "required to show cause why he should not be bound over to be of good behaviour." A truly terrible power this if it were often used. It was, in fact, revived in 1913 to stop George Lansbury cheering on the militant suffragettes. Since then, on occasion, it has been found politically useful. But it is now being used to punish adultery and fornication, which have not been unlawful since jurisdiction over laymen was wrested from the ecclesiastical courts. To-day, women caught staying at hotels with men who are not their husbands are being taken to court by the police and required to sign recognisances that they will not do it again. If they refuse, or if, having agreed, they fail to honour the undertaking, they either forfeit the amount of the recognisance or go to prison: one magistrate sitting alone can award fourteen days, and a petty sessional court six months. It is fair to say that *hitherto* the victims of this new moral dictatorship have been alleged prostitutes, and that the police in areas where there are large military camps are inundated with public complaints about the conduct of girls whom, in the circumstances, the solicitation laws do not reach. But the dangers of this high-handed procedure are obvious. There is scope here for a private Member's Bill.

* * *

Running true to form, the South African Government has responded to the Trusteeship Committee's invitation to Paris of the Herero chiefs by withdrawing in a huff. Having taken their lands away from the tribes of South-West Africa, the master race is not unnaturally anxious to stifle the groans of the dispossessed. Britain, lamentably enough, has put itself in the position of siding with the master race, and can condemn this flouting of the spirit of the United Nations only by making nonsense of its own speeches and votes in the Trusteeship Committee. Yet it may be hoped that the Committee will not be bullied or bamboozled into accepting this without a fight. South Africa has shown itself notably sensitive to the condemnation of world opinion—whether in the treatment of Africans or Indians—and much can still be done to bring the conditions of the Hereros and other tribes in South-West Africa to the notice of the world. The chiefs themselves must be allowed to speak in Paris. But the South Africans should in any case remember that the invitation of the Trusteeship Committee can also apply to Chief Frederick Mahereru, a Herero Chief who presides in British Bechuanaland; and that, over and above that, Michael Scott is now in Paris and could most fittingly be asked to appear on behalf of the Hereros.

* * *

In only one respect that I can think of was Bernard Shaw like other rich men who have had to struggle in early life—he became odd in his old age particularly in matters of money. He became frightened of poverty; and talked about taxation like an illiterate Tory. Did he really believe that he could not afford to make more money because, since the rate of surtax increased as his income grew, he would actually be poorer by having more? If I remember rightly, he actually used this weird excuse to refuse proposals to perform his plays. Most odd of all, he came to believe that it would be of immense benefit to the human race if it wasted less time writing longhand. Useless to argue that most people are not handicapped by lack of time to write down their thoughts, but by lack of thoughts to write down in the time at their disposal. He made fantastic calculations about the hundreds of man-hours that would be saved by simplified spelling or by a forty-letter alphabet. So a large sum of money that he might have used for jolly purposes in his lifetime was left in his will to endow research into language reform.

* * *

Because of this foible those who met to consider the international memorial to Shaw last week had to set about raising the sum of £250,000 for purposes for which Shaw's own will might have provided. They decided, I think wisely, first to make provision for "Shaw awards to young playwrights, authors and musicians, especially to facilitate the publication or performance of their work"; secondly, to encourage good productions of plays of G.B.S. and perhaps to set up a regular Shaw repertory company; and thirdly, to provide for the upkeep of Shaw's Corner at Ayot St. Lawrence, which he left to the nation. This very sensible appeal is signed by Mr. Attlee, Mr. R. A. Butler and many other distinguished persons. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Bernard Vidal Shaw, 12 Buckingham St., London, W.C.2.

* * *

One of my Irish friends has poured scorn on the story that Lloyd George once stumped De Valera for the Gaelic word for "Republic." He points out that the word *Poblacht* appeared at the head of the proclamation that Padraic Pearse read from the steps of the Dublin G.P.O. at the beginning of the Easter Rising in 1916. But I wonder whether he was present at a recent Fianna Fail party conference? A motion calling for greater efforts to revive the Irish language was put—in Irish. Only a few delegates raised their hands. Then the Minister of Education intervened, suggesting that the motion might be better understood if put again—in English. The vote for it was then almost unanimous. It is as well that the *Poblacht na Eireann* is bi-lingual.

* * *

They say that when police were put on to the exits of the South Bank site to prevent thieving during the building of the Festival, one labourer was often stopped as he wheeled out a barrow of straw. Determined to run no risks, the police always thoroughly searched under the straw and found nothing. The other day one of the policemen saw this labourer in a pub and said: "Well, the Festival is over now and whatever you got away with, you might as well come clean. What were you taking away with you when we searched your barrow?" Said the labourer: "Barrows, of course." CRITIC

HONI SOIT . . .

"Is it not fantastic that a highly paid official appointed to watch over public expenditure should have his fine paid for him by the public against whom he has offended?"—*W/Cdr. Bullus in House of Commons.*

Since Britain's basic industry
Was vested in the nation
It has been singularly free
From maladministration,
So with surprise the people learned
Of public money being burned.

If thousands from the nation's purse
Are recklessly expended
From charges of neglect, or worse,
Chiefs must not be defended,
No Briton breathes so lost to shame
He does not prize the Board's good name.

So when a blinding light was shed
On Yorkshire's electricity
The public knew it need not dread
The focus of publicity.
What may appear a serious slip
May only be a loss of grip.

The Chiefs in whom they place their trust
Must be above suspicion,
And full investigation must
Clear up the whole position.
But "Let him cast the stone" they cry,
"Who has no beam in his own eye."

And when, by process of the Court
The evidence was shifted,
By an impartial report
Anxiety was lifted,
And now the doubt is cleared away
The fine the public gladly pay.

It was a splendid thing to see
In this most testing hour,
The team-work by the Ministry
Of British Fuel and Power—
To hear the House at last proclaim
That nobody had been to blame.

On National Industrial Boards
Let no one cast aspersions—
Their Chairmen earn but poor rewards
For their supreme exertions.
And Britain with a tranquil mind
Is pleased to pay when they are fined.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

Miss Georgina P. Mathie, principal psychologist, County of Stirling, quoted the case of a nine-year-old boy who ran amok with a hatchet in the large family of which he was a member, saying "There are far too many bairns here." She showed how by psychological treatment he became completely adjusted and several years later he was working a guillotine in a printer's establishment.—*Rossshire Journal.* (J. M. A. Lenihan.)

This attractive toy bomber carries two "atomic" bombs. . . . Being much heavier, more noisy and more effective than wooden bombs, [they] easily distinguish themselves in the more appropriate category.—*Popular Handicraft.* (Ian Lindsay.)

Chudleigh Parish Council members were told last week that one or two women were still lame as the result of the Hockey Club dance in the Town Hall.—*South Devon Journal.* (M. A. Percival.)

A cemetery registrar admitted in court yesterday that there was "favouritism" at the local crematorium.—*Daily Mirror.* (R. W. Roberts.)

De Gaulle Becomes Awkward

While the U.N. is stewing in its own juice in The Palais de Chaillot, even bigger things have been happening elsewhere. A serious crisis is threatening the whole fabric of the Atlantic Pact, at least as far as France is concerned. General de Gaulle has started a revolt against the French becoming "America's subjects."

The prelude was the visit of Dr. Adenauer to Paris last week. At the press conference he gave he talked a lot about "integration," about Germany's role in the "defence of the Free World," and, above all, he pointed with great satisfaction to the reference in the Four-Power communiqué to Germany's borders which would have to be settled by "peaceful means." The Germans clearly read into this an implied promise by the Western Powers—or, at any rate, by the U.S.—to bring pressure to bear on Russia and Poland to have the Oder-Neisse frontier "peacefully" revised. Interviewed by *Newsweek* a few days before, he suggested not only a revision of the Polish border, but also the establishment of a new regime in Poland—"an agreement," he said, "with a free democratic Poland will have to be sought." A "free democratic Poland" sounds good; but Adenauer obviously did not mean by that the Poland of to-day. And by what "peaceful" means is the change of regime in Poland to be effected?

In France, all this talk has made a deplorable impression. For one thing, it is felt, the effect must be to consolidate the Eastern Bloc beyond Moscow's brightest hopes. France, which knew a "mild" but still sufficiently murderous German occupation, realises how much worse the German occupation was in Poland; and the idea of Adenauer now posing as a sort of "liberator" of Poland is, to say the least, distasteful. It is significant that the most widely read paper in France, *France Soir*, should have gone out of its way to remind the French public of the "other" Germany by publishing, in a long serial, a horrible account of the extermination of the village of Oradour by the S.S. Also, more and more accounts are appearing in the French press of the rapid revival in Germany of a Nazi and militarist spirit.

The French revolt against the revival of a militarist Germany goes, in fact, all the way from the Communists to the Gaullists. Speaking before the Senate, shortly before leaving for the Rome meeting of the Atlantic Council, M. Schuman had to agree not to make any far-reaching commitments in Rome concerning the rearmament of Germany. "Germany's contribution to European defence," he said, "must be the object of a preliminary study in Rome. But there can be no question of Germany taking part in the defence of the West in the form of a German national army, complete with a German G.H.Q." He also assured the Senate that France would sign no protocol or treaty concerning the European Army without the approval of Parliament, and would not even enter into any "moral commitments."

But there are a few points to consider. The American press has been full of stories of the inadequacy of the French rearmament effort. It is quite true that, starting almost from scratch in 1945, France has failed to build up a coherent or large or well-equipped army. There are said to be, in Europe, five fully equipped front-line French divisions, and two or three others, only partly equipped. All kinds of explanations have been produced on the French side for the delay in producing the "ten fully equipped divisions by the end of 1951." One is that, with American financial aid coming in fits and starts, long-term planning is singularly difficult. Secondly, the whole organisation of a French army in Europe is seriously handicapped by the war in Indo-China. Something like £2,200 million has been spent on the French armed forces since 1947, not counting U.S. deliveries in kind; but the war in Indo-China has cost France more than all the American help—not merely in terms of money but, above all, in terms of French military efficiency in Europe. A large part of the French army in Europe is both understaffed and under-equipped.

The question has, of course, arisen whether France should have converted her peace industries—notably her automobile industry—more rapidly to war production than she has done; all kinds of wild accusations have been made against France on this score, without due regard for the argument that there can be serious objections to "freezing" industries which hold an important place in France's export trade. Moreover, American deliveries have been very irregular; the Korean war has delayed the delivery of aircraft; and some of the other equipment sent is obsolete. So, apart from her five crack divisions, France's army in Europe to-day does not cut a good figure, and her officers are so badly underpaid that the lustre of a military career is far from bright. In case of war, she could mobilise about a million men—but only a small proportion would constitute a truly modern army. As long as the war in Indo-China lasts, even massive American shipments will not create a French army overnight. And, in France itself, there is much obvious resistance to increasing military expenditure still further.

The United States, as is apparent from Rome messages to-day, is extremely dissatisfied with the state of the French army, and is in a desperate hurry to have a big army set up in Europe. And who but the Germans, with their innumerable ex-officers and technicians, can provide it? The *Monde* correspondent in Rome sends the somewhat sinister report that if the "European Powers can't agree among themselves" about the European army (meaning that if France is not willing to agree to large-scale German rearmament under the "European Army" label), the United States may more or less abandon Europe altogether, and concentrate on "peripheral defence" from air bases in Britain, North Africa, Turkey, and, perhaps, Spain.

De Gaulle has been quick to size up French public sentiment about the whole matter, and is clearly going to make great political capital out of it. At the Nancy Congress of the R.P.F., he completely rejected the conception of the European Army, which he described as a hybrid monstrosity, incompatible with the French national character and not constituting any guarantee whatsoever against the revival of the Wehrmacht. He insisted on France having a national army; he protested against American bases being established in the present manner both in France and North Africa, and against the French army being put under the command of American generals. France was not going to be kicked around like a satellite. In North Africa the Americans were behaving as though the place belonged to them. He was not against German rearmament, but wanted Paris and Bonn to negotiate directly, the two armies—the German one being strictly limited—complementing each other, but not being merged into one.

The fact that the Americans give us arms is no reason why we should become their subjects. Instead of gradually slipping into their pockets, let

us, as a sovereign nation, put the Atlantic Pact on a proper contractual basis, on which everybody's duties will be clearly defined. France's chief strategic responsibility in this common defence will be for Continental Europe and the Western Mediterranean.

Prominent Gaullists with whom I have spoken express real anxiety over the "crusading" spirit now developing in the U.S. Perhaps the "anti-Americanism" of de Gaulle should not be taken too literally; but his latest pronouncements, without actually offering much of a solution to the technical problem of creating a large French army, are a reflection of the almost universal French horror of a "crusade," and of "free" or American-managed German rearmament, and an echo of the extreme scepticism about the virtues of the "European Army," which, it is felt, would sooner or later be dominated by the Germans.

On the parliamentary plane, de Gaulle's speech has already had some very serious repercussions, and has brought the prospect of a coalition headed by de Gaulle much nearer. Whether many of the things he said—notably about American bases—are pure demagogy or not, they have met with a favourable response even from the most unexpected quarters. ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, November 26.

Ill-treated Children

THE two most obvious currents of public opinion on this subject work inexorably against each other. One is the demand for stricter law-enforcement, heavier sentences; the other is a wholesome detestation of the "snooper." The former is the natural (although, I hope to show, misguided) expression of a humanitarian fury; the latter takes its origin in centuries of the hated "common informer" procedure.

Many people dogmatise to-day about "deterrence" and the need for heavy sentences—often, I suspect, confusing deterrence with retribution. The supreme deterrent is not the severity of the punishment but its certainty. For this reason, the responsibility for the sufferings of ill-treated children lies heavily on the public—there can't be many cases, at any rate cases of physical cruelty and neglect, unknown to neighbours. N.S.P.C.C. inspectors find, however, not only that people often close their eyes and ears to these cases on the "none-of-my-business" principle, or uneasily persuade themselves that things are not perhaps so bad as they sound, but also that, once a case has come to light, they are stubbornly unwilling to give evidence or "get mixed up."

The purposes of the N.S.P.C.C. would be immeasurably furthered if it could become generally known that giving evidence or getting mixed up are consequences so unlikely to follow a confidential report to the Society as to merit no consideration even by the most timid and self-sufficient persons. It is pertinent here to repeat that the Society prosecutes in less than two per cent. of all the cases it handles. Knowing from nearly seventy years' experience the main causes of cruelty and neglect, the chief of which is social misery, its main concern is the elimination of causes without recourse to prosecution.

Does the Society possess sufficient power in the pursuance of its aims? Its Director, the Rev. Wilton McCann, told me emphatically that although opinions might vary as to the adequacy of its legal powers of entry to houses, it seeks no addition to them. "The price we should pay in loss of public goodwill and support," he said, "would be fatal to our work. People are rightly determined, and never more so than to-day, that they will not have officials armed with the right of entry to their homes."

It is my own belief that N.S.P.C.C. inspectors have considerably more power than they realise; certainly (and perhaps fortunately) more than they exercise. The Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, says in Section 62 that "any local authority, constable, or authorised person" (this includes an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C.) having reasonable grounds for believing that a child is "in need of care or protection" may bring him before a juvenile court. In urgent cases, the police look no farther than this for their power to go into a house, by force if necessary, and remove ill-treated children—often in their parents' absence. Indeed wherever they looked they would find no enactment more specific for the purpose than this, in relation to entry without warrant. Yet it is one that places them on equal terms with the N.S.P.C.C. inspectorate. When there is time, the police get a magistrate's warrant under Section 40—and although the N.S.P.C.C. can apply for this too, only the police can execute it. The Society's inspectors, if they propose to act alone, get an "order" from a J.P. under Section 67, which, though it seems to be regarded as equivalent to an authority to go into a private house, is in effect no more than an authority for a child to be received in a "place of safety" (remand home, police station, hospital, and so on). It is difficult to see that, on the very rare occasions when they break in, this J.P.'s "order" protects them any more than their inclusion in the vaguely defined powers given by Section 62.

Wisely, they call the police in urgent cases; and they find, by the way, that in London the police are made of sterner or more reckless stuff than in the provinces—the former will go in without warrant and the latter, as a rule, will not. Even if these invasions of the Englishman's castle rest on powers still more dubious than I have suggested, they go unchallenged because the man in the castle, being of the kind that ill-treats children, is likely to be of the kind that keeps as far as possible from the law.

This state of the law prompts an obvious question. If such drastic powers are entrusted to the police and the representatives of a voluntary society, it can only be because the law regards the crime they are concerned with as one of the utmost gravity. Why, then, are the offenders dealt with so much more leniently than, say, a postman convicted of stealing a letter, who seldom gets less than eighteen months' imprisonment (he is lucky not to get three years) and always forfeits his job and pension? This comparison, like the many others provoked by a superficial study of the news from the criminal courts, is unprofitable; the cases have no common denominator. Equally sterile is the comparison now being made between degrees of cruelty—conjectures, for example, whether the bad cases of to-day are more horrible than those of a century ago. There is no standard by which that judgment may be made; and if the test is to be the volume of public indignation it must take into account, too, the fact that children of five then worked in coal-mines and that opinion then was less articulate than to-day.

I venture the assertion that the only kind of cruelty likely to be countered by "deterrent" sentences of imprisonment is the long-drawn-out infliction of mental anguish on a child, the most dreadful cruelty of all, that is virtually beyond the reach of the law because it defies definition and is incapable of proof. (The few such cases in which the N.S.P.C.C. has successfully used its powers have been, at the same time, cases of statutory neglect.) This psychological mutilation of a child, whether it goes to work negatively in its indifference or positively in its power to exclude and deprive (for example by the social rejection of one child in a household because he is illegitimate), is alone of the calculating kind that would weigh contingent penalties. Physical cruelty, as a rule, is impulsive and mindless; and, hardly less than physical neglect, it is the product of wretchedness, hopelessness, and probably educable ignorance.

Educability is the main quest of the N.S.P.C.C., as it is now of numerous welfare organisations which have been at work on this problem for many years. It is a condition to be contrived and fostered, not least by the relief of tension in the lives of harassed mothers—the two or three hours' respite a mother gets when her children are at a nursery school is one form of ineffable relief in lives of ceaseless strain. And educability includes the reassertion of those family values so gravely damaged by the day-long employment of mothers in industry and the consignment of infants to day nurseries. (I have seen babies being hurried through lamplit streets to day nurseries at 6 a.m.)

Suggesting a more promising way of treating bad mothers than sending them to prison, the Salvation Army established at Plymouth in 1948 the "Mayflower" Home, for women convicted of child neglect and put on probation on condition that they stay at the Home for four months—taking children under five with them. They are trained in household management and elementary citizenship: and a husband remaining at home is visited by a probation officer and encouraged to get the place ready for the homecoming of his wife and children. Nor does the N.S.P.C.C. withdraw from the few cases in which it has had to prosecute: that is merely a regrettable incident in what may be a long course of supervision and encouragement. "How long will you go on," I asked one of the inspectors, "keeping an eye on a household that has come under your notice?" Until it was well on its feet again, he said. But supposing it never seemed to get on to its feet? Then until there was no child under seventeen left in the house.

The N.S.P.C.C. has become a remarkable instrument, typically English in the way it mixes statutory authority with artifice, the citizen's common law duty with the obligation to call in the police. It is odd, perhaps, that in a country maintaining so expensive a police service as a prosecuting agency this Society, in 1950, should have had to spend £8,261 of subscribed money on prosecutions. Since the Society, in this one respect, is a kind of auxiliary police force, I do not see why that sum should not be met from police funds. But the greater part of its work, as I have tried to present it, is work that the police would be unable to do.

"If all the grave cases reported to the Society," says one of its pamphlets, "were at once taken into court, as would be done if the Society, like the police, had a clear duty to enforce the law, the courts would be full." A perfect instance of a misunderstanding crystallised into a principle: the duty of the Society is identical with that of the police—and of the public. But its assumed discretion, however cautious in origin, entitles it to the public confidence. Wherever, to-day, a child is suffering cruelty or neglect at home, it is because someone outside the home, who could stop it with a telephone call to the N.S.P.C.C. inspector, prefers that it should go on. It is as simple as that. C. H. ROLPH

(Concluded).

So They Say . . .

OF all hopes and fears for the immediate post-election period, the one most rapidly fulfilled has been the Tories' uneasy suspicion that the unpredictable Lord Beaverbrook might prove to be an embarrassingly independent ally. Since Labour's defeat (when the *Daily Express* repeated its slogan, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," and confidently shouted for an early Budget abolishing purchase tax) the Beaverbrook papers have become increasingly critical of the Government.

By October 28, the *Express* was already advising Churchill to "turn his eyes and ours from the narrow obsession with Europe and lift them to the wide, rich vision of Empire." And, the next day, Churchill's Cabinet appointments reminded the *Express* of Chamberlain's 1937 Government with its five peers. The Prime Minister "is ill-advised if he lingers too dotingly over Debrett."

When Parliament re-assembled the *Express* returned, on November 7, to its demand for an emergency Budget to abolish the "evil" purchase tax—and asked hopefully if the omission of the Schuman plan from the King's Speech meant that the Tories had dropped the "half-baked plan . . . to tie this country up with Europe." Mr. Butler's speech dashed some hopes (November 8) "A hastily-assembled series of makeshifts," complained the *Express*; "let this be the last batch of palliatives, Mr. Butler!"

The next day the *Express* loosed its first real blast. "Is it to be agony, agony, misery, misery all the way for the British people? . . . What is [Mr. Butler] going to do to help the housewives pay their way? What are his plans for reducing the cost of living? The Tories were put in office for just that purpose. . . . Let the Chancellor be under no misapprehension about this." The answer? Remove purchase tax. Furthermore, said the *Express*, the new Minister of Fuel "adds to the misery" with "savage" cuts in the coal ration; "the country will want hard evidence that Mr. Lloyd is not being just over-cautious."

On November 10, the *Express* recalled and underlined the Government's "clear pledge" to uphold Empire preference, and called for a new approach to America to scrap Article Nine of the American Loan Agreement. Then, on November 11, the *Sunday Express* (NOT QUITE SO, MR. CHURCHILL!) criticised the P.M.'s statement that the United States had risen to leadership of the world. "Next time preach also the independence of Britain," it cried.

And at last, on November 12, the *Express* revealed the answer to the intriguing question of the "shackled Crusader" which has decorated its front page since before the election. "The Crusader's chains will disappear the moment the new Government gives the signal," it stated (not, as most observers had believed, when Britain had simply been liberated from Socialism!). "The *Daily Express* supported the Tories to the fullest extent in the belief that they would produce an Empire policy . . . now the *Express* waits expectantly, hopefully. . . ."

On November 14, the *Express* again jogged the Tories' memory: "Let the unnecessarily gloomy Mr. Butler—and all other Tories—be reminded that they won votes at election time because they promised to reduce the cost of living. The people expect that pledge to be kept." Next day, the complaints continued, with references to a "gloomy Christmas" with no food bonuses and no fires: "People will need to be satisfied that this blow is, in fact, inevitable. Nor will they shiver through January and February on the simple say-so of a new government that thinks it cannot be blamed anyway. . . ."

Then, on November 20, came a fresh blast against European entanglements. The French and Dutch exult, cried the *Express*, thinking that now Churchill is Prime Minister, Britain will soon belong to a United Europe.

> Does Mr. Churchill disabuse these continentals? . . . Instead, he has sent off Mr. Boothby to Strasbourg . . . Boothby has been trying to sell out the Empire. . . .

On November 21, it was the Foreign Secretary's turn to be whipping-boy. When in Opposition, said the *Express*, Mr. Eden suggested sending a tanker under escort through the Suez canal to break the Egyptian blockade of Haifa. "It was an excellent idea then. It is an excellent idea now. Why does Mr. Eden not put it into effect?" Next day Lord Salisbury was curtly told, after his speech in the Lords, that Britain could get along without identity cards quite well—"just as easily as the Government could get along without Lord Salisbury."

But the main attack that day was again aimed at the rising cost of living. "Tory immunity [from responsibility] cannot last longer than this time next month. . . . Butler ignores how little the pound buys at home. . . . He does not even implement Mr. Churchill's pledge to look into [the purchase tax]. Let the Tories remember that they were elected for only one reason. To cut the cost of living. . . ."

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! AUTOLYCUS

Darkness or Dawn for the Church?

TWILIGHT can precede night or sunrise. As one who is working within the institutional framework of the Church in this country, I endorse Dr. Joad's sympathetic assessment (*N.S. & N.*, October 20) of the gravity of the problems, economic and organisational, with which the Establishment collectively and the parish priest individually are faced; but before we reach the pessimistic conclusion that the Church, foundering in poverty and public apathy, can do little more for the moral fabric of our society, it is worth considering whether practical reforms may not lead to a new dawn.

For example, if present tendencies continue, it is open to the Church to consider an alternative administrative unit. The parochial system is not indispensable. The Church can be organised on an industrial or domestic basis. In France experiments are being made. A priest works in a factory and slowly collects around him a group of Christians who meet for worship and instruction in his house but act and witness in the factory on lines similar to those of a Communist cell. The scheme requires neither buildings nor a paid ministry. It has the advantage of bringing religion more easily into daily life because the priest is no longer in a privileged position and he and his group cannot escape from the difficulties and opportunities of the industrial machine.

Cautious experiments might well be made in England. But a new type of priesthood would be required. The University graduate might be ready to serve at the bench but, even if he were competent to do a skilled or unskilled job, his fellows might view him with distrust. Something more indigenous is necessary; I can see no reason why ordination should be withheld from a worker who has been the natural leader of the group. He would require training, but this could be done by means of night schools, week-end conferences and summer camps. The syllabus would not be identical with what one finds at a theological college, but, without sacrificing essentials, the course could include industrial, technical and social subjects. Neither during training nor afterwards should the candidate leave his factory work because the success of the scheme depends upon the "priest worker" having his roots in the local situation.

Such an experiment need not be confined to the employee section of industry. The new type of Church organisation is equally suitable for professional, agricultural and managerial groups. An ordained doctor, for instance, would have considerable opportunities to build up a "house-church" consisting of his patients who shared his religious outlook. Moreover, the principle has been accepted for a long time in one profession. In many boarding schools one of the masters is in Holy Orders, and it is his responsibility to lead and develop a Christian community within the school. But the man is usually employed as a schoolmaster, not as a chaplain. The fact that he is exercising the priesthood is incidental.

It must not be presumed that I am advocating the abolition of the parochial system. It has contributed much to the country and, so long as the Church has the finances to maintain it, it should continue. But alongside it there is room for a new group system, with a ministry differently trained and with different functions.

If this comes to pass—and many bishops are sympathetic—it may do much to kill the bourgeois ethos of the Establishment. As Dr. Joad points out in his article, the average congregation is sadly unrelated to the working life of Britain. Even if the Church of England is no longer the Tory Party at prayer, it certainly is not the herald of a progressive democratic society. Those of us who happen to be Socialists know full well that we are suspect; and even when there was a Labour Government, there were many pulpits and places from which we were excluded. The authorities honestly imagined they were non-party, but one had only to attend the debate on the Welfare State in Church Assembly, or to read the Anglican press before the General Election, to realise the tragic lack of understanding. It is not the duty of political leaders to provide a spiritual stimulus for society, but of the Church; if it is to be successful it must have an integrated design for living which will include a coherent idea of society. An intelligible presentation, in recent years, of such a message, might have had a ready response. If, as I believe, politics, *inter alia*, constitute a theory of deferred repentance, men, when realising they had expected too much from legislation, might have perceived in the spiritual cement provided by the Church, the unifying principle without which the fabric of a wholesome society cannot be held together.

I am not suggesting that the Church as an organisation should identify itself with Socialism, still less that it should give an ecclesiastical sanction for the programme and methods of the Labour Party, but that its proclamation of the message of Jesus should not evade the social, political and economic implications. As it is, it tolerates and, perhaps, welcomes, a dangerous dichotomy. It admits the existence of spiritual and material, instead of using the latter as the vehicle for the former; whereas if it were true to its incarnational theology it would realise that the purposes of God can only be manifested in actual situations, and that the Kingdom of God, though awaiting its fulfilment beyond history, must include and infuse it.

What I have written does not imply that the Church should alter its creeds or emasculate its gospel. Its *raison d'être* depends upon its belief

in a supernatural revelation, and it would betray its title deeds if it accommodated itself to the aspirations of ethically minded agnostics. But while it must preserve its orthodoxy it need not disdain the modern idiom. It must face the problem of communication and speak intelligibly, and not reduce its doctrines to platitudes for an irrelevant ecclesiastical vacuum. Conrad Noel was a "High" Churchman, and Thaxted emphasised the supernatural elements of the Christian faith, but the worshipper knew that the doctrines and liturgy of the Church were intimately connected with the outside world. Similarly William Temple, although he unhesitatingly accepted the traditional Christian dogmas, interpreted them in a realistic metaphor which rarely failed to challenge. He understood the twentieth century.

All this will, of course, be meaningless to those who reject the basic assumptions of the Christian faith. To them orthodoxy is a superstition which must disappear, and the Church with it. As Dr. Joad has reminded us, such an attitude expressed itself in earlier centuries when a Dark Age descended upon Europe. But the "superstition" survived and produced a powerful renaissance. I believe that in this respect history can, with modifications, repeat itself. The crucial question is—how far will the Dark Age advance before this happens? Before or after an atomic war? I am not wholly pessimistic. I have little hope in the existing organisation of the English Church because, as I have already stated, it is too far removed from life and too much identified with an ordering of society which is doomed. But, possibly, financial and economic pressures will break the organisation. When that happens the torrents of a dynamic faith may break over the banks in a war-weary materialistic world.

MERVYN STOCKWOOD

Kids' Stuff

EIGHT hundred million books were printed in America in 1948; of these, seven hundred million were "comics." Investigation reveals that, whilst in 1933 not a single "comic" book was published openly in the country, to-day a conservative estimate counts five hundred million yearly, each with an average monthly printing of two hundred thousand copies; that, in a bumper period between March and November of 1948, the school children of the United States consumed a quarter of a billion "crime-comics"; that the publishers of these booklets make millions yearly; that each American child reads from ten to a dozen of these comics weekly (excluding "swaps").

Comic-books are not to be confused with comic-strips, or the "funnies." The latter are published in newspapers and are aimed at adults (*Blondie*, *Li'l Abner*, *The Gumps*, etc.). Roughly speaking, they are realistic, dealing in the main with variations of everyday life, such as boy-girl or husband-wife embroglios, boss-clerk antagonisms, and the invariable American dislike of policemen. And they are sometimes funny. Comic-books, however, are for children, and their content is fantastic. Garishly printed on forty-eight pages of paper-bound pulp with lurid covers, they sell for ten cents apiece and the printed words they use are elementary. Often, indeed, no conversation is thought necessary, other than words like WHAMMO! or AWRRK! or UGGH! to represent the administration and reception of violence. For violence is what the comic-book, which generally has no jokes in it, stands for; and violence, in the form of beating, shooting, strangling and torture, is what it relies on to sell. It has been estimated, in consequence, that every child in America who was six years old in 1938 has by now absorbed a minimum of eighteen thousand pictorial beatings, shootings, blood-puddles and what-have-you, from comic-books alone, and that to-day one out of every three trees cut down in Canada for paper-pulp has murder printed on it when the presses roll. In short, the comics teach a child "that violence is heroic, and murder a red-hot thrill."

Recent American legislation has tried to curb the violent content of comic-book publication. Articles in responsible magazines have expressed concern. But this legislation has had little effect. More comics are sold every year, and more violence injected into them, since larger and more frequent doses of bloodshed are needed to touch off the emotional response that will bring a sale. The result of new laws can be seen, however, in the titling, where you will read GANGSTERS and then, in small type, *can't win*, or CRIMINALS *on the run*, or (the technique in reverse) *Justice traps the* GUILTY. But the crime-does-not-pay approach can hardly succeed when you have forty-seven pages of successful violence followed by one page of punishment as a perfunctory genuflection to virtue. In fact, CRIME *does not pay* is a title of one of the best-selling crime-comics.

The *Superman* comic is one of the most popular in its genre. In *Superman* there is no crime-does-not-pay ethos. Superman is eternally avenging crime. He is, one notes, on the side of right and yet unsympathetic to the law. He is that sort of private justice personified that every American would like to ape, and his court of appeal is that of the "tough" movie, a fist crashing into a face. Every city which Superman visits in America appears to be in the grip of corruption. Every mayor, governor, senator, judge, is venal. Every country in the world is always about to attack the United States (note that when Orson Welles' Martians "landed," not a soul thought they had come peaceably). In fact, Superman—and he is plagiarised in a hundred guises, Aquaman, Batman, Black Knight, Captain Marvel, Catman (with his girl helper, Kitten), Kid Eternity, Fighting Yank, Phantasmo, Plastic Man—glorifies the right of every individual to take the law into his own hands. If the law is corrupt, the hero will be the man who transcends the law. Superman completes the fantasy by transcending even the law of gravity.

Finally, two even less pleasant sides of these comics call for mention. First, nearly all these Superman personifications are strongly Fascist. Captain Marvel, the Lone Ranger, etc., all carry insignia on their sleeves and dress in uniforms reminiscent of the Gestapo. Blackhawk dresses exactly like an S.S. man, complete with riding boots and crushed cap, except that he goes in state-trooper blue. The villains and enemies of these men are readily identifiable by their hook-noses, as opposed to the Aryan snub-noses of the hero. And a steady anti-intellectualism is kept up. The "mad" scientist has become practically a stock character, whilst the ham fists, the "nut-cracker" jaw and "coathanger" shoulders of the hero are clearly adulated.

The other disturbing feature is the sexual suggestivity of these comics. Inserted to engage adults and teenagers, especially girls, this element is now constantly present, sometimes simply in the form of a heroine with what are known as "binocular" breasts (she is usually dressed in panties and brassiere), but more often in sadistic roles. The female equivalent of Superman (Wonder Woman or Jungle Woman, etc.), is an all-American Amazon with a bull-whip or a lariat, generally engaged in rescuing some other woman (significantly enough) from torture.

A Humdinger!

When President Truman congratulated a Key West parson last Sunday on his sermon, he called it a "dinger." Had he not used an abbreviation the parson surely would have been quicker in the uptake and realised instantly what high praise the President was giving.

It is no exaggeration to say that most of the letters we receive here from new readers, introduced to this paper by regular readers, could be summarised by the sentence "What a humdinger of a paper THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is."

At this time of the year it is open to any reader to create such appreciation by giving "acquaintance" subscriptions to friends as Christmas gifts.

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PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

She has what has been called "the drum-majorette patriotism of star-spangled panties and spread-eagled breasts." In an *Action* comic before me now the victim-woman is tied up with chains, whipped, branded (on the modestly half-bare breast), thrown to wild animals, and trampled (fully clad, for this) in the mud. The heroine skewers an adversary's throat with a javelin, shoots another in the belly with hot lead, punches out teeth, chops off hands, and jabs her prime opponent in the eye with a hypodermic needle. Toy guns, cap-shooters, ray-gats, and crank'emup tommy-guns are advertised in the remaining space at the back.

What makes America buy eight million dollars' worth of these books yearly, thus converting perversion into an industry? The answer is doubtless veiled in psycho-pathology. But little can be done about this violence when newspapers, picture magazines, and now television, pour out an endless stream of murders and tortures. American parents, though they have wisely questioned the sex of comics, see little wrong with the violence. They claim that children need these aggressive outlets, being themselves subjected to a constant flood of bloodlust, schooled to watch prize-fights, to see movies like *Whiplash*, *Brute Force*, *Kiss the Blood off my Hands*, and to walk daily under billboards advertising, "See a man pummelled to death . . . see a man burned alive by steam." This claim is no more than an admission, in fact, that the social environment has no place in it for the innocent.

Each year, reading ability becomes less necessary in America: for the main mass of urban provincial Americans the printed word is on its way out. Ability to spell the ads. (with their now simplified vocabulary, like *nite* and *fotog*), to listen to the radio, television and movie, and to see the picture weeklies, will suffice for average cultural and recreational needs in this great country. But this does not mean that the violence in comics is not dangerous. The gladiatorial arena anticipated the dissolution of Rome. GEOFFREY WAGNER

New York

The Sky Pilot

AT the flying club nearest to our own there was a girl of whom it was said that she "always" made right-hand circuits. In circling a landing field one keeps it on the left hand. "Always" was an exaggeration, but it was true that sometimes she went the wrong way round. When my flying instructor told me about it, he said she was one of those people who do not know right from left, and that she wore a ring on her right hand which she was accustomed to touch with her thumb before saying right or left. I said it must be very dangerous to have such a pilot about. "That's why I'm warning you," my instructor said. I asked why on earth they did not ground the girl. He smiled and said she was as pretty as a picture; and I, coming at that time from an over-sophisticated environment, asked him whether he meant that she slept with the chief instructor at her club. He went very red in the face, then, and said: "You know, old boy, that's a bloody offensive thing to say."

I was abashed: his tone, his complexion made me realise that I had not understood about this girl at all; she was somebody's sister. I flew my aeroplane off, feeling that I had made a gross blunder; and, in the event, I was punished for it, for when I flew in towards the landing field of the neighbouring club there, sure enough, was an aircraft making a right-hand circuit, and coming straight at me. I have never been so frightened in my life. The rule of left-hand circuits has the force of a law of nature, and I did not know what to do. More or less instinctively I made a violent, lurching one-eighty-degree turn, and cleared off for the open country, until I saw the other aircraft do the same, so then I turned in again, did one hasty circuit, and flopped down on their field very clumsily.

Their secretary took me to their bar and bought me a drink. I was still shaking when the girl came into the bar. She said, "Are you the visitor?" and I nodded and she said, "I'm terribly sorry. It's not a thing I do often, but sometimes I forget." She added, with quiet pride, "I don't know left from right, you see."

I saw also, and immediately, why they could not ground her. She was, as my instructor had said, as pretty as a picture . . . a toothpaste or cosmetic advertisement picture. She was everybody's sweetheart, mine included. Not, mark you, everybody's pin-up girl; that is something different. For now, in that aseptically fresh and dainty presence, I saw my instructor's other point, and how I had outraged his sensibilities. This girl was never for going to bed with: she was a sweet, eternal, dumb sister. It is useless to complain of the art that has created her by making a model for nature to copy, out of the vulgarity and sentimentality of some advertising man's taste: advertising men are not fools, they are satirists, they use only what they find in us.

We talked amicably until she went home: she was a nitwit, but there were reminiscences of our first solos to exchange, and she really was very pretty. She stayed until their chief instructor came in. She disliked and distrusted him because he pretended to be indifferent to her doll's face and to make no concessions to her imbecility. I was willing to exchange her for him—he was a man I liked. He used a perfectly deliberate and self-conscious precision, indeed pedantry, in his speech, while everyone else was talking a base jargon. It was an affectation, but a good one, although only the antithesis of the common cant. Where everyone else, at that time, would have lavished meaningless superlatives, he distinguished himself by understatement. "*Absolutely frightful?*" he would repeat, after some excited juvenile recounting an experience in the bar, "Surely he must mean *relatively* frightful?"

What we shared was an almost physical pleasure in really ponderous prose, and we were amateurs of prosodic rhythms: he used to quote bits of Gibbon aloud, when he was drunk, and he declared himself for ever my friend because I brought his attention to the gorgeous absurdities of Prescott. He once had a crash which drove the broken shin bone of his right leg out through his calf: for some reason he could not faint, and he had to bear the pain until the doctor came with morphia. "It must have been *absolutely ghastly?*" one of the girls had said, when he reappeared for the first time after the accident. "It was certainly disagreeable," he agreed. This affectation of understatement, and his self-mocking love of the ponderous phrase, were manifestations of the man's quality: he hated unbalanced enthusiasm as he hated the spurious. He accepted an arbitrary limitation by thinking and acting as if what was not simple was contemptible and funny. But I was attached to him.

I remember that our conversation on the occasion I have described, of my meeting with the right-hand circuit girl, broke off when a man they called the "padre" came in. The chief instructor was singular in disliking this member, who was a clergyman, so much, that he used to quit the room when the padre came in. I sympathised with his aversion but I did not share it. The point about the padre was that he could never have been called anything else. He was a very handsome, lean, upstanding, frank, open, smiling man of over sixty who had gone solo after four hours of dual, and looked an athletic forty. He smoked and coddled a fine briar pipe. He reminded one of the classy tobacco advertisements, not the hearty, slangy parson of fiction. He was as sure in avoiding that extreme as the other, the creeping jesus. He was a John Buchan character, a gentleman and a sportsman without ostentation, exquisitely well-bred, discreetly well-to-do. In the bar he was never so foolish as to try being just another amateur pilot like the rest of us. I think I reluctantly liked and admired him until the day I happened to be there when he was long over-due and everyone was anxious about what could have happened to him because he had only had his licence for a week: the junior instructor had even taken a plane and gone to search for him, but he returned unsuccessful. The padre came back while I was still there, came into the bar and asked for a whisky and soda. To the chief instructor he said, quietly and sensibly, "I'm very sorry. I got lost."

"It happens to everyone. How did you find yourself again?"

The padre said, after a moment's hesitation, then very clearly: "I came down low and read the destination board on a train."

That was a very dangerous and skilful thing for a novice to do, and we all gasped. It was then that I . . . and the Chief Instructor . . . noticed the tiny flaw in the clergyman's manner, the minute suggestion of a triumph which would have been perfectly justifiable if we had not known . . . known certainly, though I cannot say how . . . that the padre had lost himself deliberately, had sought that opportunity to display his youthful daring and resource. Oh, he had far too much sense, far too much breeding to make a fool of himself by noisily competing with youth: quite simply, he was as good, he was better than the young men and women of the club. And after that we knew that all of him was as spurious as that, his whole being was an actor's role, he was not real, and if there was a reality behind that quiet and gentlemanly wearing of the priest's cloth, the Buchan face, the Dornford Yates manner, I cannot begin to conceive what it was like . . . something small and careful, no doubt.

It would be most unfair to say that he was responsible for the pretty girl's death, but he was the instrument of it. She was coming in to land as he was taking off. He looked over his shoulder in the usual manner and the sky was empty. She was doing a right-hand circuit once too often and came at him out of the sun, directly in front of him. He, by a fortunate chance, was not much hurt, but she was killed outright. He demonstrated, the chief instructor told me, the correct reactions: there was a brief outburst of deep feeling incoherently expressed, and then the restoration, at the proper interval of time, of a calm, white, impressive and bogus *gravitas*. He bore himself like a gentleman rather than a priest because the principal attribute of his kind of priesthood was, as he conceived of it, gentlemanliness. Manliness or plain manhood did not come into it, for he was quite without anything remotely resembling religion.

The girl's only relative was a grandmother whom she had seemed to love with kittenish affection. She came to the club, summoned by the Secretary, who sent his car for her, and she was received by the Secretary, the chief instructor and the padre. He, I was told, did the talking. He still wore the flying boots he affected, a leather wind-cheater with a fur collar, and he held his helmet, swinging by the straps, in his hand.

HARVEST HOME

NEVER before has so much depended on the harvest home. Never before has the nation so much needed the fruits of its fields and meadows, orchards and gardens. Today British acres must produce the bulk of the food for man and beast. In this pressing task the chemist plays a vital part by helping the farmer first to grow larger crops, and secondly to protect these from seed time to harvest home. The chemist has shown that if the soil is to yield its best, it must be given additional supplies of the elements necessary for plant life and has made these available in the range of inorganic fertilizers. He is also constantly seeking new means of defence against the diseases, pests, and vermin which attack plant life. Mercurial seed dressings increase corn yields by thousands of tons yearly by preventing seed-borne disease. Sprays effectively protect farm and market garden crops from blight and mildew, and a barrage of dusts and winter washes ensures the health of fruit and hops. Better weapons against the host of insect pests are continually being found. British research has gone a step further by reproducing the factors which control growth within the plant itself. Hormones which stimulate the formation of roots are actually procurable in tablet form. The British chemist in his laboratory stands behind the efforts of farmers, labourers and landgirls to ensure a bumper harvest home.

ICI

He told the silent old woman, who sat and looked him over after the accident had been explained, who studied first his boots, then his jerkin, then the swinging helmet in his finely manicured hand, and lastly his grave and handsome face . . . he told her that, if she would permit it, he wished to officiate at her granddaughter's funeral. The chief instructor told me that the old woman had arthritic hands and the little finger of the left hand had curled in towards the palm and was fixed there, by the disease. While the padre was making his offer, she seemed to be trying to straighten it, and the pain showing on her face might have been physical and self-inflicted. But she was certainly no coward: she looked straight at the padre when he fell silent and said: "Officiate?"

"I am a priest," he told her.

"Oh," she said, and, "I see." And then, "No. No, thank you, just the same. It's kind of you. It wouldn't be . . . suitable. We ought to have . . . . a proper clergyman."

She did not intend to be offensive, she simply said what she meant. The chief instructor told me that the padre did not bat an eyelid. But he himself, as I saw, came out of that room white and short-tempered.

After that, the chief instructor began, as his friends put it, to go to pieces. He acquired a harassed, hunted look from somewhere. Once I found him reading *Brighton Rock*, and he shoved the book at me and said, "What's this man after?" Facetiously I said, "God, I suppose." "Oh," he said, "do you think so?" "Good lord!" I said, "my poor friend, you're ripe for Mauriac and Bernanos." I did not know that he could read French until I found him reading Bernanos.

When the war broke out I lost sight of him, but he wrote to me that he was assigned to what he called, very much in his old manner, the "tiresome trade" of instructing R.A.F. aspirant pilots. From time to time I had a postcard, never about himself or the war: once he wrote "Have been reading *The Power and the Glory*." Just that. I was puzzled until I heard that he had been ordained. He wrote then, briefly and awkwardly, and among other things he said: "Someone has to do this job." I was disturbed because I was irrationally sure that I had lost a friend I had valued: I might respect, as they say, his convictions, but if he were sincere my intelligence would be offended, if insincere, my sense of his integrity.

When I met him, last week, casually, in London, it was much as I had foreseen. I think I might still have liked him had he worn a soutane, or whatever they call it, and been like a creature of Bernanos. But he wore tweeds and a dog collar and there was a novel with a library wrapper under his arm. He said, "Hallo, old boy," and "It's wizard meeting you again." I said . . . I could not help myself . . . "At least you might keep your vernacular up to date, man." He got up and walked out of the pub we had entered for a drink, leaving his book on the table. I felt as if I had struck him, and my hand was unsteady when I picked up his book and mechanically turned over the pages. It was a novel by Jean-Louis Curtis, called *Les Forets de la Nuit* and my friend had marked long passages in pencil . . . speeches of the *Comte de Balansun*, a principal character, magnificently ponderous prose, pastiche Bossuet, first-class verbal comedy, a mockery of all that was pretentious, if not of that order of pretentiousness which had been in my friend's "old boy," his "wizard," his tweeds. I realised then how wrong I had been to speak to him so sharply.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

USTINOV AND SARTRE

It is apparently no use any longer for us to urge Mr. Peter Ustinov to concentrate his talent and try to produce one satisfactory play instead of three or four near-misses. If he won't stop to polish and shape, and above all to cut, that is because, we must now presume, he can't. He is apparently doomed to turning them out helter-skelter and slap-dash in the hope that, on the hit-and-miss principle, one eventually will strike dead centre. Yet it is sad to see such great talent dispersing itself in an untidy sprawl, and to have to record that of the two or three possible plays, lumped and muddled into *The Moment of Truth* (at the altogether too large Adelphi Theatre), no single one comes to birth.

I really thought after the first two acts of this play—it is in four acts—that Mr. Ustinov was finding his level at last. But then it turned out that this first half is merely a sort of prologue to the serious business of the second. *The Moment of Truth* was evidently suggested in the first place by an idea of Pétain and Laval: the aged honoured Marshal used as a puppet by the unscrupulous politician for his own ends. By an admirable imaginative jump, Mr. Ustinov projects himself sympathetically into the Laval figure—the Prime Minister—and makes of him a fine comic creation: a highly intelligent, witty, unsentimental realist, with a viewpoint that is constantly pricking the balloons of the sentimentalists. And had this been the main theme, political on a reasonably deep level, that might have made an excellent play. Mr. Ustinov would then have had time and room to make something more solid of the opposition, the sentimentalists whom the realist defeats, the General and the Foreign Minister, who in the present version are almost insultingly chucked at us. Even so these first two acts are carried briskly along by a brilliantly volatile performance from Mr. Charles Goldner as the Prime Minister. Mr. Ustinov has really tightened up his dialogue this time (though even now cutting is desperately necessary) the epigrams are sharper, the timing and placing of the comedy lines is infinitely quicker, neater, defter. There is a very funny sequence where the old Marshal, who is three-quarters asleep in his wheel chair, has to be photographed for propaganda purposes in two different moods—first tough, like an old fighter, second all genial smile. The different effects are obtained—though, in the wrong order—by his nurse's first refusing him, and then gratifying him with, a sugar plum.

But to praise Mr. Ustinov for this first part is really to insult him: for it is not the main point of his play. The Marshal is the main figure, the Prime Minister and the political background suffering an abrupt dismissal. The second half deals with the Marshal: after his side have lost and during his imprisonment. There is a moving moment when he realises he has been cheated—a moment of Truth—and then he fades into imbecility in the fortress and some parallel with Lear is drawn when his daughter comes and dies in his arms. For this Mr. Ustinov alters his style: he does not imaginatively project himself into the Marshal as he did with his Prime Minister. Symbolism, which has reared its ugly head in the first part with the photographer and (I must presume from her stilted way of speaking) the Marshal's intense young daughter, now rules the field. I have no doubt that to Mr. Ustinov the meandering second childhood of the old man, crossed with a flash or two of sanity—The Moment of Truth—has some important significance. But whatever it is does not come across. To be quite blunt, this part strikes me as mostly secondhand, would-be philosophising, muddled, verbose and flat. This old man is nothing but an old bore, and though Mr. Eric Portman does everything that can technically be done to make us feel about him, we pass through the last part of the play almost wholly untouched. If only Mr. Ustinov (and other young writers for the stage following him at the moment) would be a little humbler in their approach! Boldness is certainly admirable in the young, but they really cannot expect to take on the universe all at one go. They must really learn to begin nearer the beginning.

Mr. Ustinov, in fact, starts a new play in the middle of the first one, and thus gives the impression of not knowing in the least in what direction he really wants to go. How different it is when an author knows exactly where he's going and drives there impellingly. You may or may not like the direction M. Jean-Paul Sartre takes, but at any rate there is no mistaking it. Of course it is a great advantage—granted a firm point of view—to take a classical story, as he does in *The Flies*, his version of the Orestes myth. This very exciting and striking play was staged by the Group Theatre last Sunday at the New Theatre, and besides being a brilliant piece of theatre it provides about as clear a dramatisation as one could want of Sartre's view of life. The Orestes, who returns at last to the palace where Clytemnestra and Aegisthus reign, is not at all the decisive young hero Electra has dreamed of. He is a No-one, brought up in another country, a No-one because he belongs nowhere, has thrown in his lot nowhere, has never had to make a choice, is disengaged, and prefers at the outset to remain so. But observing at this distance the state of affairs in Argos, the tyranny of superstition that Aegisthus has imposed—symbolised in a hellish All Souls' night, where the living are tormented by the ghosts of the dead—he changes his mind. He will take up the burden of decision and through it become free. And so consciously, deliberately involving himself, without remorse or guilt, he murders his mother and her lover. In this, perhaps the best of his plays so far, Sartre adds many ingenious and characteristic twists. The intervention of Zeus in disguise, besides giving play for his militant atheism, provides a number of ironic scenes. The treatment of Electra—her single-handed effort to defeat superstition and her ultimate defection—is a brilliant turn in the story. A firm sense of dramatic form is always one of Sartre's strongest cards and he plays it brilliantly here. The tension never drops.

This is not a play that is likely to win wide audiences, fine though it is. Just for that reason it is the kind of play which ought to be presented by the Other Theatre, and we warmly applaud the Group, now happily revived, for presenting it as their first production. Quite apart from its intrinsic merit it is the kind of play which engages that wide all-round range of theatrical opportunity which it is the Group Theatre's special mission to encourage. The standard of performance—for a presentation that is, alas, only to be seen once—was very high. Not all the casting was ideal, but from Mr. David King-Wood, the Orestes, we had a dignified and acceptable performance: from Mr. Abraham Sofaer, the Zeus, a most sure and accomplished one: and from Miss Yvonne Mitchell a most interesting one. It is the greatest pity that Miss Mitchell is so confined in range by her voice, for she is far the most interesting of our younger actresses. She has a good comedy sense, with a slightly dangerous leaning towards the pert, and a most moving and intense emotional quality. The thoroughly professional production by Mr. Rupert Doone was most imaginative and helpful. I found only two places weak. The first, Electra's dance among the grimy townspeople at the All Souls' ceremony: this failed to make the effect it should. The second, the appearance of the Furies: they were more ludicrous than terrifying. But apart from this the staging was all that one could expect from a society which aims high. A very fitting set was provided by S. John Woods and

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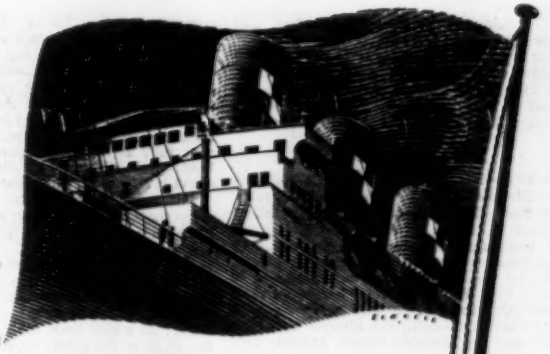

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BILLY BUDD—I

BILLY BUDD was the last of Herman Melville's stories. He had written no fiction for thirty years, and he finish this tale only a few months before his death in 1891; it was not published till 1924. Benjamin Britten is not the first composer to have been attracted by the subject: a one-act version by Giorgio Ghedini was produced at Venice in 1949. Britten's opera, a large-scale affair in four acts, receives its first performance at Covent Garden to-night; the libretto, by E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier, follows Melville with unusual fidelity.

The entire action of the opera, as of the story, takes place on board H.M.S. *Indomitable* in 1797. The date is significant. England is at war with revolutionary France; it is also the year of the great mutinies at Spithead and the Nore. Consequently naval discipline, barbarous enough already, has been redoubled in severity. Billy Budd (baritone), a young sailor handsome of body and of soul, is a universal favourite among his fellows; but his very innocence and goodness arouse the jealous enmity of Claggart (bass), the master-at-arms. When falsely accused by Claggart of fomenting mutiny, Budd is rendered speechless by his one physical defect, a paralytic stammer at moments of stress; in his helplessness, he lashes out at his accuser with his fist. The blow proves fatal; but in any event, whatever the result and whatever the provocation, it was a capital offence. Captain Vere (tenor), the third leading personage in the story, though aware of the sailor's innocence, feels obliged to put naval law and duty before mercy. Billy Budd is hanged at dawn from the mainyard; and Melville describes his end in a strangely oblique and moving phrase: "Watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and ascending, took the full rose of the dawn."

The objection can fairly be raised that this is not tragedy in the accepted sense of the term, but only a harrowing tale of undeserved misfortune. Certainly the flaw which destroys Billy is no flaw in his character. He is not naturally violent; on the contrary, he is the embodiment of goodness and innocence, "Adam before the Fall." Similarly, Claggart is the personification of what Melville calls "natural depravity": he is Satan eternally banished from felicity, enviously aware (as an ordinary man would not be) of the beauty and goodness which lie beyond his reach. But if Melville's fable is not tragedy, it is poetry; on a small scale, a kind of epic. The innocence of Budd and the iniquity of Claggart; the mysterious "fate" which binds their destinies together; the enigmatic figure of the Captain, all-powerful yet powerless to adjust human and divine right; the vision of the ship as a microcosm: all this gives to Melville's story something of the pure quality of a ballad; and the poetic, almost mystical quality persists even through the crabbed dissertations and explanations in which the old author sometimes indulges. At the end he gives us an actual ballad: some artless lines put into the mouth of poor Billy as he lies in irons awaiting his end, lines supposedly made by the "tarry hands" of one of his mates in the foretop of the *Indomitable*.

The music, like the libretto, is remarkably faithful to the spirit of the story; and Melville's ballad has been used, with a most poignant effect, in the first scene of the final act. Billy Budd is lying as in a trance; serene, almost resigned, his former tension and agony of spirit mysteriously healed. The rough, tender words are set to music of a simplicity and sweetness very rare in modern music; on a hint from Melville, Britten has cast the scene in the gently rocking six-eight rhythm of a cradle-song, reverting to the F major tune which we heard from a solo violoncello in a previous act, when Budd was lying half asleep in his hammock. But now it is the condemned sailor himself who sings the tune, *pianissimo*; at the end of each line the voice is left holding a note in solitary juxtaposition against the ocean-deep pedal C of the horn: first the vocal line comes to rest on B flat, then on G, then on E, then on C: always lower, more peaceful, more dreamy. What wonderful things can still be done with common chords and plain dominant sevenths! This music is almost as simple as a ballad; so direct, so true to the uncomplaining and uncomplicated character of the sailor, that one could almost fancy the composer to have written it first of all in a fever of inspiration, just as Tchaikovsky flung himself straight into Tatiana's Letter Song in *Eugene Onegin*. Not that there is anything perfunctory in the rest of the score. The whole subject has evidently taken hold of the composer's imagination; the role of the chorus is as vital and various as it was in *Peter Grimes* and the part of Captain Vere, in particular, is elaborated into a creation of great musical and dramatic significance. But the mainspring of the opera, as of the story, is the innocence and heroic goodness of its central character. The idea of innocence and simplicity has always aroused a peculiar sympathy in Britten: we feel it in the *Ceremony of Carols*, in the character of Lucretia, in the "schoolboys playing in the stream" of the *Spring Symphony*; it sweetens the absurdity of Miss Wordsworth, and it has enabled the composer to penetrate compassionately, in *Rejoice in the Lamb*, into the mad fantasies of poor Christopher Smart.

Fortunately, innocence is a subject naturally suited to music. There is a curious difference in this respect between the two arts, music and literature. While novelists have difficulty in making their good characters convincing, composers have similar trouble with their villains; in opera, it cannot be said that the devil has all the good tunes. In *Billy Budd*, Britten has seized the problem of operatic villainy firmly by the horns, and given to Claggart a long, formal aria—a sort of Iago's Creed—expressive of his twisted mentality; it will be interesting to see how effectively, in performance, the character will be thereby established.

It is noticeable, by the way—and evidence perhaps of Britten's increasing ease and maturity as an opera composer—that, while the arias and monologues of *Billy Budd* are generally about twice as long as those of *Peter Grimes*, they produce no sense of dramatic stagnation. In the treatment of background and minor episodes, especially in the tautening and slackening of tension, Britten shows his customary skill and certainty of touch. Sea-shanties, in varying depths of perspective, supply an emotional background and link scenes and episodes together; bugle fanfares, whistles, drums, flying figuration of all sorts (mainly for brass and wood-wind) keep the shipboard atmosphere alive and suggest the perpetual bustle of the main-deck; the texture looks as clean as though a sea gale had swept through spars and rigging. All this, of course, is no more than a first impression gleaned from a study of the vocal score. Believing as I do that Benjamin Britten has more genius in his little finger than most of his contemporaries in their whole bodies, I make no apology for writing at some length about this exciting work before I have heard it performed or even rehearsed. It is possible that details which seemed vivid on paper will fail to tell in the theatre, and it may be that what I have found moving others will find sentimental. One thing is unlikely: that *Billy Budd* will strike anyone as dull, cold or lifeless. It was written from the heart; and to the heart it will surely go. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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RADIO NOTES

THE spirit in which we listen to the Virgil production on the air (I speak as one who is not a classical specialist) is at first one of exhilarated acquiescence; we are swept along by its vigour and freshness. The project has been carried out with dignity, not to say piety; translator, producer, actors are of distinguished quality; a line of scholarly essays on all aspects of the poet's influence accompanies the epic. But the later books, bloody and battlesome, frequently tedious, showing signs of the author's fatigue and more frequent reminders of the Imperial Rome the poem was intended to glorify—these jog the critic into examining the second layer of his thoughts. What, we begin to wonder, has Virgil to say to us to-day, outside the excitement and poetic splendour of the great passages? It is a disturbing question, for it takes us straight back to the limitations of the society in which this court poetry was produced. The fact that its value is literary rather than philosophical returns us to the matter of the translation. Criticism has been mainly directed against its occasional slang colloquialisms (I, too, have noted some: *snapshot, atomised, sniping, incendiaries, said something big*). But these things, which are not after all so frequent, are no more, I fancy, than moments of translator's restlessness, inserted to galvanise tedious passages. What seems to me more important is that the translator, in the modern mood of ascetic understatement, has so largely resisted poetic magnificence. Two phrases from his own wise and disarming introductory talk might here be considered; one, "We have no style of our own in poetry which could suggest the grand manner of Virgil"; the other, a quotation from Johnson: "A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him." It is not unreasonable to conclude that while honest, vital, and admirable for its purpose, this translation is not, and does not claim to be, great in itself. It is the opportunity that the project gives of hearing and revaluing the entire work that is the B.B.C.'s most important Virgilian achievement.

The wittiest piece of the week was Honor Tracy's satirical romp *Retreat from Moscow*—half play, half feature—about the unhappy plight of British refugees from the Welfare State, who thought to find a paradise of gracious living (feudal or fey according to individual taste) in contemporary Eire. As an essay in national characteristics it was, like all true comedy, delivered without malice, and with much more than a grain of truth. The acting, by Carleton Hobbs, Norman Shelley, Diana Maddox and the rest, was brilliantly in keeping. I should be delighted to hear the whole thing through again. *Pictures on your Walls*, John Farleigh's lucid exposition (for Schools) on how to look at a group of particular paintings, was not only an excellent talk but a very good idea. It seemed to me that it might well be extended to other programmes, the Light, maybe, where much is already being done with music—but omitting, please, the dramatic "effects," such as the water scene for Canaletto, if I remember correctly.

I still have a partiality for *Focus*, for the sake of certain of its brighter instances; but lately good will has been somewhat strained. *Focus*

on Civil Defence sounded ashamed of itself from first (a dialogue between Alarm and Despondency) to last (" there's a big job to be done ")—most of all, though, in that bit about how to behave during an atomic bomb explosion. It would be interesting at this point to consider why, of two popular plays (neither on the Third) *Pick-Up Girl* was so sharply effective and *Black Chiffon* so flimsy, sickly and embarrassing, when both were aimed at the listener's heart (if that is the organ)—though, granted, by way of a psychological problem. I think I can tell—but no, I haven't the space.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

" The Light Touch," at the Empire
" My Favourite Spy," at the Carlton
" Scrooge," at the Odeon, Marble Arch.
" Another Man's Poison," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

Perhaps the most obvious difference between going to the cinema and going to the theatre is financial. When you can go to one for half a crown, and be assured of a seat which would cost at least twelve-and-six at the other, there is a strong likelihood that you will go oftener to the cheaper form of entertainment. This is made more probable still by the fact that there are usually nearly three times as many films per year in London as plays: in the provinces the proportion is much greater. So much is obvious; but it is worth repeating if only to emphasise what a lax standard most of us bring to the cinema. For most people, even nowadays, the price of a pint of beer or a whisky-and-soda is not worth making a great song and dance about, so that a good deal gets by which would have roused strong feelings had we paid five times as much.

The first three films on this week's list illustrate this attitude perfectly. All one can say about them is that if you want to see a film and don't expect too much they won't reduce you to howls of disappointment. *The Light Touch* is directed by Richard Brooks, who made that sharp and impressive little film *Crisis*. Here he is out of his element, among romantic art thieves and appealing young innocents. Long and uninventive, it is proficiently made, adequately acted, has occasional amusing moments—it is impossible not to sound supercilious about a work which does not seem to have aimed at distinction, and is, in fact, an amiable waste of time. Much the same can be said of the new Bob Hope piece, *My Favourite Spy*, where this excellent comedian is, as so often, balked by unfunny dialogue and situations. Norman Taurog, the director, keeps it moving as fast as he is allowed, and there is a good old-fashioned chase at the end. Again, it all depends how much you want to go to the cinema. *Scrooge* is slightly different, being a children's Christmas classic and therefore aimed at a more specialised audience. I thought Brian Desmond Hurst overworked the creepiness of Marley's ghost, and was ill-advised to engage Alastair Sim for the part of a soured curmudgeon; but the end of the film is very well handled, Mr. Sim comes brilliantly into his own, and Kathleen Harrison's performance alone redeems much of the mediocrity that has gone on before.

Thus the mill runs on. But there is another audience, much more specialised than that of *Scrooge*, for whom this week provides a great occasion: the audience which specialises in bad films. Not silly bits of nonsense, the " B " films of which one sees the last ten minutes before the main feature commences, but slap-up, expensive, pretentious stinkers. In this rare class, *Another Man's Poison* comes very high. It is not so much the idiotic story, choice though that may be, nor even the stunning dialogue (" I want you . . . and I hate you . . . both at the same time ") which raises this above so many others: it is the fascination of watching Bette Davis, a superb screen actress if ever there was one, play everything in a blaze of breath-taking absurdity. From beginning to end, there is not a life-like inflection, a plausible reaction. She does, in the cant phrase, The Lot, even achieving a certain grandeur in the final fade-out, which shows her laughing her life away in close-up, dosed with a blueish compound, good for horses, bad for humans: it is indeed like reading Ethel M. Dell by flashes of lightning. No one has ever accused Bette Davis of failing to rise to a good script; what this film shows is how far she can go to meet a bad one. To anyone more interested in the extremes of film standards than the workaday average that the other three films represent, *Another Man's Poison* is not to be missed; it is safe to say there are few things in the cinema like it.

FRANK HAUSER

George Melhuish at the Irving Galleries, Leicester Square
Lilian Colbourn at the Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1

These two little-known painters deserve attention because they are concerned with the power of what they have to say—not with the clever way of saying it. Although both have been influenced, they are independent; one feels that they guard the raw stuff of their experience jealously, that their work, good or bad, is unadulterated. Of the two Melhuish is the more accomplished. His paintings are multi-coloured diffusions or dazzles of light, held together by constructional lines—sometimes like the filament wires in a lamp, sometimes like the bars of a brazier. These lines and the surrounding tones of colour are intended to establish the depth of the scene and to mark the form of the bridge, the hill or the street sky-line. In his weaker pictures they fail to do this and the result is chaotic. But in his best work—a view over the roofs of Paris, for example—they succeed; as your eye is led from the perch of a nearby roof, over the gullies of streets, through mists of colour, to the rim of the horizon, your awareness of the way that a city sticks up through the elements of light and dusk is really sharpened and increased. Mrs. Colbourn's paintings are the result of eight or nine years' work. In her earlier pictures you can see her struggling to organise the weather, the gulls and the fishermen of a Yorkshire coast village into some statement which, ignoring the picturesque, will express their toughness. Many fail through being too reckless and therefore, ironically enough, flabby. But her three most recent pictures succeed: they really describe *events*. The wind buffets the bay round the hill; the paint itself seems to be lashed by the wind; the landscape becomes a mould for the weather. I look forward to her next exhibition, because, just as one senses the sea behind the houses in front of it, one senses behind her work a passionate " local " understanding —something which is of immense value to a painter.

J. B.

" Between Whisky and Vodka," at the Watergate Theatre

" We Germans, these days, cannot feel secure even in our own guilt complex "—jokes like this (and the roar they evoke from German audiences) make the Political Cabaret such an oasis in the contemporary German scene. It is an old tradition, of course, and Kay Lorentz's Düsseldorf *Komödchen* lives up to it with refreshing vigour and wit. Visitors to the Watergate will require a mastery of German to appreciate these cascades of good puns and clever innuendos. Lore Lorentz sitting on a powder barrel, moaning about good old outdated phobias and praying that the powder be kept wet; the two Ruhr industrialists sitting in a sweat-box and talking Big Business and *realpolitik* until the bath attendant comes to ask if they are ready for their cold shower; three men in a café talking peace and ending up by playing with toy-soldiers; a delightful sketch in Heaven suggesting that the first half of this century's *weltgeschichte* was so repetitious that the second half had better be scrapped—all this (and a good deal more) is most witty and significant; the most significant point indeed being that Germans—some at any rate—still know how to laugh at themselves as well as others.

H. F.

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LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—If Mr. Balogh really is guilty of "the calm concealment of at least half the relevant" facts, then one can only imagine that Mr. Jenkins finds the fault catching.

Of course our economy is overloaded. And the reason is a combination of rearmament plus the world situation which made rearmament necessary. If anyone imagines we should have found ourselves faced with a foreign trade deficit of several hundred million pounds had there been no Korean war, then he is either politically and economically ignorant or just plain mischievous. Thanks to Cripps, austerity and a moderate degree of Socialism, we in this country made a more rapid recovery from the ravages of war than any other nation in Europe. People were prepared, after grumbling their protests, to pay high taxes because they could see their money, and that of many far wealthier people, too, coming back to the nation as a whole in the form of social benefits, like the Health Service, family allowances, old age pensions and a score of other advances too numerous to list.

But Korea ended all that. When the 38th Parallel first became a headline that week-end in June, 1950, you and I, Sir, were playing tennis in Surrey confident that the British experiment was going to prove a winner, despite the difficulties which still had to be surmounted. That evening our illusions were shattered and with them the hopes of millions like us who had believed that their sacrifices were nearly at an end.

Mr. Jenkins, in a most naïve letter, seems to confuse cause with effect. He seems to forget that if you can eradicate the cause you may never have to worry about the effect. I believe he misjudged the situation completely when he wrote: "In existing world conditions, whether we had mounted a £4,700m. Defence programme, a £3,600m. programme or no programme at all, the United Kingdom would have had a balance of payments crisis this autumn." Surely we are entitled to ask what caused the present conditions.

For before Korea, thanks to Cripps, the nation had about solved the payments crisis. We were paying our way to such an extent that we could forgo Marshall Aid. If there had been no Korea it is doubtful whether we should to-day be spending anywhere near the present figure on arms, and the payments crisis (if there was one) would be nowhere near so grave. And we should probably still have a Labour Government.

And are we to infer from the sentence quoted from Mr. Jenkins' letter that he believes that if we were spending not £4,700m. but £6,000m. on rearmament the crisis would be no worse than it is now? For that is the logical implication of what he writes.

Nobody denies the necessity of rearmament. Those who agree with what is labelled Bevanism did not protest at the original level of spending announced a year ago by Mr. Attlee. We were assured that it would not ruin the economy and we realised that a degree of extra defensive activity was necessary. But when within a few months another £1,000m. was added to the bill at a time when we were jettisoning aid from America, we protested at the folly of thinking we could effectively fight Communism by wrecking our own internal economy and, in consequence, our power to speak with an independent voice in the world's councils.

But having been proved right by events does not mean, as Mr. Jenkins hints, that we expect everyone else to go on their knees and apologise. All we ask is that a few people in positions of responsibility should have the courage to think again in the light of the crisis which is now upon us. Labour and Tories do not think alike. When they do it is time for Labour to think again. And that, put simply, is what the present dispute is all about.

11 Vernon Court,
Hendon Way, N.W.2. MOSS MURRAY

SIR,—My old pupil and friend, Mr. Roy Jenkins, has got both his facts and his theories wrong.

The deficit in our international payments is, at the moment, not £200m. p.a. worse than was anticipated, as he says, but over £600m. p.a.; its rate must be running at roughly £800m. p.a. This emerges clearly from official statements.

In order to prove that rearmament was not even a major factor in bringing about this crisis (I did not suggest that it was the sole factor), Mr. Jenkins refers to the fact that exports "look likely to live up to expectation." The worsening of our position, he says, was caused by the loss of Persia, by an increase in import prices not connected without rearmament, and by an increase in imports which are only tenuously so.

(1) In the first place Mr. Jenkins forgets that our export prices have risen lately much more than import prices: the latter only from 125 in the *Economic Survey* (1950 = 100) to 133 in October and the former from 109 to 125. Exports only "look likely to live up to expectations" because of this rise in prices: their volume, which is indeed affected by rearmament, has fallen below the peak reached in 1950. No doubt that peak was helped by destocking. But had the even rhythm of production not been disturbed this year, we could easily have achieved 50 per cent. of last year's advance. This would have increased the volume of exports by some 10 per cent. In that case the value of exports would have risen by over 25 per cent. and covered the gap. This is exactly what Western Germany has accomplished, unencumbered as it was by rearmament.

(2) In the second place Mr. Jenkins implies that British rearmament (and decontrol over consumption and production which Mr. Jenkins supported throughout) had no effect on import prices. No doubt the U.S. is predominant in the economies of the non-Soviet-orbit. But our influence ought not be dismissed quite in this cavalier manner. There can be no doubt that British excess demand had an appreciable influence in non-dollar markets. Nor can it be argued that an increase in imports which follows an immense expansion of armaments orders, orders which disorganise a large part of industry and necessitate machinery and raw-material imports, has nothing to do with the Labour Government's decision to rearm.

The truth is that the economic prospects of the country worsened considerably since the elaboration in the summer of 1950 of the £3,600m. programme based on large-scale U.S. aid. Consequently an increase in the aid or a cut in the programme would have been logical. Thus the acceptance without the assurance of any U.S. aid of the £4,700m. programme early in 1951 was tantamount to the acceptance of full war-time mobilisation and rigours for this country. Otherwise a crisis which would lead to complete dependence on the U.S. was inevitable. Our rearmament plans, as I have argued, were unbalanced. They could not make us safe or add appreciably to the scale of armament produced by the U.S. Yet they represented the proverbial last straw for our economic solvency. All this has never been explained to the country; and I objected to Mr. Wyatt's suggestion that Socialist unity should be found by continuing to suppress this fact.

I whole-heartedly agree, however, with Mr. Jenkins that we should re-examine our military needs and our attitude to German rearmament, our judgment on the character of the Russian threat and all other vital foreign matters. Such re-examination might yield real unity among Socialists both on these questions and the problems of domestic economic policy where the need for a new approach is not less urgent.

Balliol College, Oxford T. BALOGH

THE CAUSE OF THE CRISIS

SIR,—The defence which you published on November 17, under the title "Ourselves and our Critics" dealt with certain specific charges, but did not deal with a more general criticism which I think underlies the specific one. Many people think they can detect a tendency in your comments on events to play up the shortcomings of the United States and to play down those of the Soviet Union. Perhaps you will allow me to give three examples.

In your issue of November 10 you suggest that all the Americans' "conditions" for peace, in fact, put the cart before the horse by proposing certain modifications in the current policy of the Soviet Union which the Soviet Union would not be willing to make so long as the cold war continues. The implication, at least at first sight, is that the discontinuation of the cold war is something which the Western Powers must bring about by modifications in their own policy, and the implication of that in turn is that the cold war consists mainly of Western policies which the Soviet Government finds disagreeable, rather than of policies on each side which are disagreeable to the other.

In your issue of November 17 you suggest that the American Command in Korea is deliberately blocking the current negotiations for a cease fire. I am not in a position to say whether that suggestion is true, although I find greater difficulty than you do in believing it probable. But you quote at the end of the article a statement "by Marshal Stalin himself" that the alternative to an agreed armistice would be a Communist offensive which would drive the allies out of Korea. I believe that Stalin made this statement last February with reference to the Peking "peace offer" of January; that the statement was followed by a violent Communist offensive in April and May; and that the failure of that offensive preceded Mr. Malik's suggestions in June of armistice negotiations based on the 38th Parallel.

In the same issue you say that to go on piling up arms while declaring that no agreement with the U.S.S.R. is worth the paper it is written on amounts to a war, not a peace policy. I really am puzzled that you should hold this opinion. Is there anything illogical in believing that the Soviet Government has not always fulfilled international agreements in the past; that the knowledge of adequate resources on the side of its opponents may in future induce it to fulfil agreements it might otherwise be disposed to disregard; and that the best way of avoiding general war is to ensure that the Soviet Union is not encouraged by the apparent weakness of the Western Powers to encroach on an interest the defence of which they would consider vital? If one held these beliefs and wished with all one's heart to avoid war, would not one be obliged to approve a policy of increasing Western strength?

I am in no way asserting that United States' policy is free from criticism, but surely the correct attitude is a balanced one and not one which seeks to blame the West and praise Russia irrespective of the merits of the actions of both sides. FRANK BYERS

[Reference is made to this letter in "London Diary" this week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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OURSELVES AND OUR ERRORS

SIR,—I was excited to see in your article on November 17 that you admit that your 1938 article on the Sudetenland was a mistake—albeit only a mistake of judgment in "political timing."

I was excited because this is the first time in my life that I have known an Editor acknowledge an editorial mistake in judgment or in policy (as distinct from an error in fact or a misprint), and I feel that you deserve warm thanks for this breach of an evil tradition.

It is, I think, generally recognised that (a) everyone has difficulty in admitting his error; (b) the following four classes find it almost impossible—Editors, Authors, Reviewers and Writers of Letters to the Editor. The last three classes very occasionally bring themselves to do it (it is rare also with politicians); with Editors it is surely almost unknown.

I wonder why this is. Since everyone knows that no one is infallible, surely all classes would inspire greater confidence, not less, if they would admit their mistakes? H. E. BOURNE

43 Belsize Park, N.W.3.

AFRICAN "CLEARANCE"

SIR,—In a place called Engara Nanyuki in the district of Arusha, Tanganyika, 3,000 families are being removed from their homes by the use of force. The people are called Wameru and this is their tribal land. Before the first World War these farms were taken from them by the Germans. After the war the British said that they might have the land back again, but that they must pay the Government for the improvements made on their farms by the Germans. They accepted this arrangement and after some time were able to collect the sum of money demanded and so to buy back the right to live on their own land.

Now that they have been resettled there for twenty years and more, the Government has decided to evict them. Their pleading and their dispairing opposition have proved of no avail. They have sent memoranda signed with thumb marks of their leaders to the Trusteeship Council, but have been offered no remedy. The reasons given by the Government are quite simply that these farms fall into the area which it is planned to convert into a homogeneous European Settlement.

The Colonial Office has been approached but has refused to intervene. Its reply is that an area twice the extent of the present farms has been provided. This reply completely ignores the underlying principle that the Government feels justified in driving the people off their own land which they have cherished and cultivated. Furthermore, the Wameru claim that the new land offered is tsetse-infected.

The police have already begun to evict the people, and a cable received in London from the Wameru Tribe tells of 37 warehouses and huts burnt by the police. Engara Nanyuki is a very small place and most people in Britain have never heard about it. I don't know what can be done now to help the Wameru but their story should at least make us realize how hypocritical it must seem to the coloured peoples of the world when they are told of the benevolent rule of the Western Powers.

ROLENE SZUR

Congress of Peoples Against Imperialism.

RICHES TO RAGS

SIR,—Mr. John Raymond in his review of A. L. Barker's *Novelette* refers to prior publication of some of the stories in *Good Housekeeping* and other journals, and later quotes this passage from the title story:—

> Luise Mallory in black velvet . . . was a dozen removes from Luise in a baggy woollen house-dress. One glimpse and the damage was done. Mrs. Barty Joseph's cast-off fermented the sugar of a lifetime's novelette reading . . .

He then says: "This is *Good Housekeeping* with a vengeance. Fortunately, Miss Barker puts the brake on almost in her next paragraph . . . This blot apart, *Novelette* delights by the excellence of its writing."

I feel that this observation does less than justice to *Good Housekeeping*. Seeing that Mr. Raymond must have made a close study of *Good Housekeeping's* fashion pages it is surprising that he derides them quite so airily. Of course, we encourage our readers to wear black velvet whenever they can. But what seems to escape Mr. Raymond is the purpose behind this. It has nothing to do with the bagginess of house-dresses. (In any case our photographers have strict instructions to pin up the slack at the back so that the bagginess will not show.) It is merely that black velvet, when cast off, makes excellent cleaning and polishing cloths. These are most useful if, through over-indulgence in novelette reading, milk is allowed to boil over or, worse still, sugar to ferment unexpectedly.

In fact we could almost claim that Miss Barker had written this passage to our instructions were it not that the story under review was never published in *Good Housekeeping*. This rather takes the wind out of our sails, which is nothing to what it should do to Mr. Raymond's. OLIVER ROBINSON,

Good Housekeeping. *Editor*

ELECTRIC LAMP MONOPOLY

SIR,—In an attempt to restore public confidence, following the findings of the Monopoly Commission, the Electric Lamp Manufacturers Association has been widely advertising that its members make the cheapest 240-volt bulb in the world, though they admit that the American 115-volt bulb is slightly cheaper. This calls for three comments.

(1) The voltage of a bulb is not a significant factor in its cost.

(2) Relative to the cost of other consumer goods the American bulb is much cheaper.

(3) Post-war British bulbs have a shorter life than pre-war. I have not found a retailer who denies this, and my own experience is that the average life is now 400 hours compared with over 1,000 hours before the war. The consumer should be more concerned with his annual expenditure on bulbs than with their individual cost.

There has also been a great increase in the comparable (heater) failures in radio valves since the war, a fault which seldom occurs in American, and very rarely in German, valves. It is hard to prove that filament weakness is a result of policy; but where there is control of the market, the only person to suffer in such a case is the consumer. I estimate that the post-war decline in the quality of filaments in bulbs and valves costs a family of four with radio and television about £6 a year.

The radio valve industry, incidentally, follows the practice, originated by the sparking-plug companies, of supplying manufacturers at less than cost price, so that the consumer, in obtaining a replacement, provides the profit on the original component as well as on the new one. S. V. J.

POET OR PRINTER'S DEVIL

SIR,—As a poet I expect to be misunderstood. To be *misquoted* or *misprinted*, however, is another matter. I protest most emphatically at having my lines marred, whether it be owing to the carelessness of a reviewer, or to the stuttering of a blind Printer's Devil. The lines misquoted by Mr. Fraser from my book *Light and Dark*, should read:—

> For we would still deny complicity,
> As though the hands like severed snakes
> Had shaped the willed catastrophe.

Two misquotations in three lines is really inexcusable! If this sort of thing is persisted in, the line by line method of criticism becomes absurd.

20 Campden Grove, W.8. PETER YATES

[We very much regret the misquotations—*who* for *we* in line 1, *our* for *the* in line 2—which, however, made no material difference to Mr. Fraser's criticism of the simile of hands like severed snakes shaping catastrophe.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ELECTION EXPENSES

SIR,—I am sorry that my bad writing caused two mistakes in my letter on assistance to rural constituencies. My opponent contributed £400 (not £1,600) to his 1950 campaign. The latter sum is, of course, nearly twice the permissible expenditure under the 1948 Act! The area lost by Barkston due to redistribution is Swillington.

H. VICTOR WISEMAN

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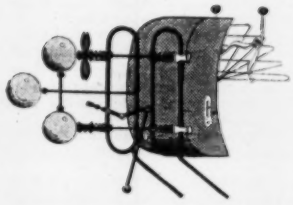

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LE LIVRE ANGLAIS

It is unmistakably an Occasion. The unpretentious garden which faces the high flat undecorated walls, looks across at a scene of confusion. "Silence! Bibliothèque!" announces the notice, and even less than usual do drivers resist the temptation of finger to horn switch; the prospect of some fifty gendarmes instead of the mere one or two exciting them evidently to extra paroxysms of blare. In the café at the corner they ask, What's it all about? "Le Président de la République Française" explains the proprietor, rolling the full title grandiloquently off his tongue, is to arrive in half an hour. For what? An exhibition—*Le Livre Anglais*. As Guard of Honour in the little forecourt of the Bibliothèque Nationale the gendarmes are still puffing their last cigarettes, and now, as they line the steps, the corridors, the grand staircase, there comes round one, handing to each his pair of spotless white gloves.

The Galerie Mazarine is very high and very long and very grand, with its tall, flanking windows and its great painted ceilings. And now pausing in the ante-chamber, it is permissible for even the most book-minded visitor to reflect with a slight sinking of the heart that Book Exhibitions are, after all, not the most exhilarating of shows. Hasn't one often before wandered, as one wanders now in the outer room, past vitrines with volumes opened at the chosen page, admiring the beautiful penmanship, the bright medieval colours, the enchanting fancy that decorates the capitals and the borders? Admiring, but somehow not caught in. If only one could pick them up, handle them, turn the leaves, for a book is only itself when it is being picked up, handled and read. Still (pulling oneself together), this is philistinism. Here, gathered together in the porch of the exhibition, are twenty-five priceless objects, unmatchable examples of the illuminator's art; and they are of extraordinary and rare interest—these Bestiaries and Psalters, Apocalypses and Missals.

So it isn't, one realises then, the gay quaint books themselves that cause that sinking of the heart. It is just the daunting showcases, the foretaste of the long gallery ahead, crammed with such showcases, each with their four or five volumes opened at the chosen page, and bringing up again that feeling about Book Exhibitions—no, decidedly not the most exhilarating of shows. Still the plunge must be made and anyhow the gallery is, one notices, hung with portraits. These may provide at least a surreptitious relief.

They are familiar, too, these drawings here. Holbein's, surely? Yes, indeed! Sir Thomas More, Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt. Ah, this is better; the interest needn't after all be surreptitious, they refer, they refer! For here in this show-case near at hand lies the *Utopia* (*édition originale, extrêmement rare*), in that Tottel's Miscellany, the only surviving example of the first edition of our first anthology. But then, as it soon appears, everything here is a rarity of its kind, generously lent. We know of only six examples of Shakespeare's signature. And here is one of them, attached to the mortgage of a house. And how this inconsiderable scrawl holds one all the same! And what fancies (all too commonplace to record) it sets swirling in the mind as one passes on to the first edition of the Sonnets, the first collected edition of the Plays.

Indeed one is haled at last out of the haze of the literary daydream—it has carried one unreceptively past Bacon, Jonson, Drayton, Webster, each in their respective original editions—only by a proof sheet, corrected in the margin in what seems at first the ordinary, all too familiar manner: but which, on examination, shows all the difference. The page is a page of *Lycidas*, and the marginal corrections are indeed such as we make a hundred of every day. But these were made by Milton himself.

Thus late, against the initial resistance, but strikingly—for one somehow had not thought before of the Lady of Christ's making his own proof corrections in his own margins—the peculiar interest of this exhibition strikes home. Here is the whole long line of our authors, the giants and the lesser giants, from Chaucer up to Graham Greene, illustrated in a new way. For each a chosen book, and where possible an example of the handwriting and a portrait as well. The fascination of these three aspects of the Writer, placed side by side and ranging through the whole winding length of our literature, is quite immense. It lifts the exhibition on to a different plane; it becomes not a mere display of objects, curious, interesting, priceable: but a corridor of the literary fancy with a hundred doors leading off it.

Personal prejudice, however, must not evade the fact that each chosen book is an object as well, with some very considerable interest for the bibliophile pure. It is useless to pretend for oneself any vestige of knowledge of this branch. Its mysteries are arcane, though one knows them to be absorbing. But one can only guess at the collector's passions—the love of possession, envy, jealousy, and pride too, that are aroused by these remarkable objects. Why, probably (one imagines) even something so innocent and pleasantly helpful as this clear, clean, bulky catalogue one carries, may have severed several friendships, involved angry charges of false attribution and dubious scholarship.

It may well be. But it doesn't in the least show to those who stand outside the circle; to us the firstness of an edition has, as art critics say, a purely literary interest, excitedly, and consequently erratically, pursuing its private bent. Here is a manuscript in blue ink, neatly corrected in red. Pater's it must be, though in the legend it was three coloured inks he used. No, not Pater, but Hardy—*The Dynasts*. Pater, disappointingly, corrects not half so much, in ink of one impersonal colour (personal enough though, the phrase that catches the eye, "The Queen of Navarre . . . . the favours of that reluctant young man"). Here on the wall is a ruddy cheeked Wordsworth, pencil in hand: below, the unsophisticated loping script, in which the pencil wrote. That starts a chain of thought: T. S. Eliot is said to write straight on to his typewriter. Up at the far end one finds this to be anyhow not always true: there is a stanza of *Ash Wednesday*, scribbled in pencil on what might well be the back of an old envelope. On the wall above, not catching but demanding the eye, looking down on the moderns, angular, pursed and not altogether approving, is the Graham Sutherland Somerset Maugham, very spiky and new and assertive, as if having no intention yet of settling down mustily among the dead. Back from Eliot through Winston Churchill (sandwiched between Norman Douglas and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*), past Galsworthy, De La Mare, Rupert Brooke, Max, Shaw, one sticks again at H. G. Wells. Except for Joyce's (where on a filled quarto page only three lines are left unerased) the manuscript of *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* is as worked over as anyone's. This from the self-styled journalist who pilloried Henry James for —and that reminds one: where is Henry James?

But no, let us leave the question of omissions, or we shall enter that climate of battle where the collectors dwell. Leave it where the Administrateur Général de la Bibliothèque, M. Julien Cain, leaves it in the preface to the Catalogue: "Nous ne pouvions à cet égard qu'accepter les décisions des membres du Comité anglais. Ansi s'explique l'absence de certains noms, bien connus pourtant en France."

In any case by now the President has made his entrance and is being piloted from Shakespeare's signature to the Books of Hours, under a youthful Alexander Pope (less adder here than young romantic) past gritty old Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, past Beardsley's illustrations to the *Rape of the Lock*, along by the fine bindings (a whole collection, of which I haven't yet so much as made a mention); and so threads his way with an easy grace through our familiar authors. The top of the gallery is reached. Below the wispy, whiskered Coventry Patmore, side-glanced by the Pride in Profile of Carlyle in the Whistler version, he takes his seat. The British Council itself opens the proceedings. The Minister of Education weaves a tapestry of elaborate phrases, sonorous, orotond: T. S. Eliot ironically deprecates his fitness for his task ("one wants to hear nothing from the writer but the scratching of his pen or the clacking of his typewriter"). And this most fascinating exhibition is officially open. The President and his honoured guests retire down the staircase, out to the courtyard, then climb into their motors. The ceremony is over. The gendarmes disperse for a much needed cigarette; while the same one of them, the visitor observes, as he departs, pleasantly proud of his country's contribution to Anglo-French relations, comes round to collect from his colleagues their no longer so spotless white gloves.

T. C. WORSLEY

HERE COMES AMERICA

America and the Mind of Europe. Edited by LEWIS GALANTIÈRE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.
Letters from America. ALISTAIR COOKE. *Hart-Davis.* 12s. 6d.
America's Master Plan. By JOHN FISCHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

What is it that separates America from the mind of Europe, and Europe from the mind of America? It is a healthy sign that a whole number of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, should be devoted to a symposium on this question, now republished in book form. A separation cannot be treated until we admit that it exists; and too many well-intentioned people have been trying to suggest that, apart from a few fellow-travellers and Communists, the whole of Western Europe welcomes America's leadership in the Cold War. Mr. Galantière, the Editor of *America and the Mind of Europe*, does not take refuge in such evasions. He writes:

> Though we confess our faults, we cannot help asking why our intentions are not more clearly perceived by the peoples we most respect—the peoples of Britain and the Continent. What is it that they see in us, since it is not our good intentions? What has happened to them that they, who once saw eye to eye with us about what was good and what was evil in life, should now no longer consider us their brothers? . . . What have they been up to this five years past?

It is a fair challenge; and I only wish that Mr. Galantière's European contributors had bravely responded to it. They had the chance to tell thoughtful Americans what was wrong, and most of them funked it. Mr. Spender, for instance, calls his essay "Culture in Official Channels," and limits himself to a plaintive description of the writer's predicament in the British Welfare State, which will certainly please Americans, but hardly assist them to understand our hesitations in accepting their leadership. Mr. Koestler reprints a lecture on the irrelevance of Socialism, which he delivered at the Berlin Congress. Mr. de Rougemont argues a philosophic case for Federal Union. Only Mr. Raymond Aron comes to grips with the problem and his view, as he wryly admits, is not representative.

> I don't imagine that readers of this book are most interested in Europeans who, like myself, are unqualifiedly prepared to accept American leadership, particularly as we are in a minority. I like to think that we are the most sensible of Europeans; but I am forced to confess that in this camp are also to be found, the most self-seeking of Europeans, those who have been slowest to see that the world does move and those, alas, who have made a good thing out of American assistance to the Old World.

Mr. Aron's analysis is clear, and his suggestions to the Americans, if cautious, are sensible enough. No one else of the ten distinguished contributors dares even to approach the question of the title.

From his position on the sidelines, however, a the *beau littérateur* of the B.B.C., Mr. Alistair Cooke has a good deal to tell us about it. These weekly radio essays, a selection of which are now published in book form, are by an expatriate Englishman. Mr. Cooke only settled in New York after Munich and, as he wisely remarks:

> Englishmen who live here, no matter how long—first-generation Englishmen—are a special case. They may hope to be mistaken for Bostonians (but not by Bostonians). Yet if they affect any more Americanism than that which has grown into their characters, they hurt both the country they came from and the country they adopted. There are Irish-Americans and Czech-Americans. . . . But there are only 'Englishmen in America.' They are always apart and always at once more foreign and more familiar.

Mr. Cooke might have added that the Englishman who becomes an American never gets over his sense of guilt. That, indeed, is his own peculiar advantage in the task he has set himself of interpreting the U.S.A. to Britain. Because he lacks the confidence of either patriotism, he can illuminate each to the other. Because he is unhappily ambivalent—neither British nor American, but a political epicene—he can feel the contradictory passions which divide us. *Letters from America* are deliberately—sometimes evasively—slight, but they are beautifully composed, and they discuss the American scene and way of life in transatlantic categories.

That is a very notable achievement. For what separates America from the mind of Europe is an angry self-assertiveness on both sides of the Atlantic. In America it is the impatience of youth, and on our side the resentfulness of age. Since the Declaration of Independence the American intelligentsia has looked to Europe for its inspiration. To be cultured meant to be un-American or even, in extreme cases, anti-American. When culture turned to politics in the 1930s, the American intellectual was once again the creature of foreign influences. In the absence of an indigenous Labour Movement, many New Dealers drew their spiritual sustenance from the Soviet Union, shared vicariously in the martyrdom of the Spanish Republic and, later on, sent spiritual bundles to the gallant Britain of the blitz. All this was very pleasing to the self-esteem of Europeans. In terms of power and economics, we were already bankrupt, but we were still the centre of civilisation, the birthplace of political ideas. We had to borrow dollars from the U.S.A., but she still borrowed our ideas.

Our present transatlantic discord arises from the disturbance of this balance of payments. Instead of listening to our lectures, the American intellectuals and do-gooders are busy lecturing us. Instead of dismissing the American way of life as Babbitry and apeing our own, they come over as E.C.A. administrators to diagnose the symptoms of Europe's moral decay and to recommend a healthy dose of Main Street economics as its cure. Today it is Europe's intellectuals who are fumbling with their psyche: the Americans have all the answers pat.

This change is all the more distressing because neither side is fully conscious of it. Whether we are French or English or Scandinavian, we have forgotten how gloriously self-confident and how contemptuous of American ideas we Europeans still were even in 1938. We had the answers. Now we know that we haven't, and our new scepticism makes us rage against an American who thinks he has. He in his turn is quite oblivious of the intellectual somersault he has turned since the 1930s, and resents ours cepticism as defeatism. If you can't pay your way and have no idea how to save the world, he says, the least you can do is to listen to my lecture before you grab my dollars.

This is the frame of mind of Mr. Fischer, the author of *America's Master Plan*. Once a radical New Dealer, he is now an unofficial exponent of the official American line. Once a Liberal, pledged to abolish power politics in all their devilish forms—particularly the variety labelled British Imperialism—he now worships at the altar of American World Leadership. To him, Western Europe is no longer the fountain-head of wisdom, but a collection of ramshackle, obstructive peoples (particularly the British Socialists), who must be sternly but sympathetically taught that Nelson Rockefeller and General MacArthur have grasped the tremendous fact of the Asian revolution and understand that

> the only question is what direction will it take—whether it shall be a revolution made in Moscow or the U.S.A. . . . The only way to hold Asia is for us to help to carry through the revolution—fast, before the Russians can take over its leadership. . . . We have a revolutionary tradition older than theirs and far more effective, if we once decide to use it boldly.

Those who wish to understand America should read Mr. Fischer not with derision but with sympathy. For he expresses the enormous fund of idealism, combined with a technocratic belief in the power of the machine, which has always been one mainspring of American politics. Mr. Fischer purports to tell us about the master plan on which American policy today is actually based. We are taken inside the White House to a meeting of "Mr. Truman's Politburo" (the National Security Council). We are introduced to the men round the table and then we are shown the world's problems melting into radiant solution under the heat of the American revolution. We see Communism contained by rearmament (including that of the Germans and the Japanese) combined with a policy for raising living standards in the Middle East and Asia.

It is easy enough to show the divorce between the realities of Pentagon politics and this vision splendid by pointing to the sums allotted respectively to rearmament and Mutual Aid in this year's American budget. But this does not dispose of Mr. Fischer. What is significant for the relations of America and Europe is his liberation from the inferiority complex of the 1930s, his new-found sense of American destiny and his confident contempt for the "provincialism" of Britain and Europe. Mr. Fischer is not only prepared to lecture us; he is ready, if necessary, to order us about. For a generation the U.S.A. has been physically capable of doing just that. Now she is able to use that physical capacity without guilt or inhibition. This is the American portent, which the mind of Europe must accept as an accomplished fact.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

ODSBODIKINS

Blondel the Minstrel. By ALLEN W. SEABY. *Harrap.* 6s.
The Armourer's House. By ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.
The Gauntlet. By RONALD WELCH. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.
The Escape of the Prince. By JANE LANE. *Evans.* 8s. 6d.
Path to Glory. By SHOWELL STYLES. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

A varied Historical Panorama for youngish people leaves one no space for an informative preamble. To work!

In *Blondel the Minstrel* we are in the world of white palfreys, frumenty, quilted overshirts, plague-purifications, baldrics, silken mutches and women called Adalberta. Blondel practises on his hand-harp ("*Tum-tumti-tum. Tum-tumti-tum.* That's the way it goes, Blondel") and becomes the musical rage of Venice with his "high-class chansons of courtly love" and his violet eyes ("'Tis an angel, surely"). Count Bertrand de Born introduces him to Richard Coeur de Lion, himself a talented troubadour ("he gets it from his poor old mother") and Blondel has instantly to provide a sample of his gifted twanging: "come hither, lad, and trill me the first ditty which comes into your curly-haired pate. Do not be nervous," he kindly adds, "I shall not eat you," and Blondel's light tenor ("his voice had broken some time back") booms agreeably round the stonework.

Richard is preparing "a crusade on the grand plan" with Archbishop Baldwin and other hotheads, but Blondel breaks a leg and can't go along: Queen Eleanor is a bracing sick-visitor ("Drop that crestfallen air, Blondel"). Blondel is well out of it as "Crusading in Palestine was no joke" and at any moment you might get bitten by a camel, be "fain to suck the dew from the herbage," or stop an infidel's arrow in the fleshy part of the leg just below your gambeson: "and it *was* hot." Richard is the life and soul, relieves the garrison at Joppa "without even troubling to put on his mailed shoes," and, laid low by ague, gamely snipes at Saracens from underneath the coverlet. Blondel winds up as a Benedictine (Father Ambrose) and "the head of the scriptorium" takes down from dictation his chansons and plaints (*Tum-tumti-tum* again).

The Armourer's House is so rich in Tudor detail and fine holland shifts, rook pies, silver hawk-bells, larded capons, dandelion wine, fennel poultices, rushlights, musk and bee-balm posies that one begins to long for homely things like Football Pools, road-drills and Heinz's baked beans. Into all this comes Tamsyn Caunter, "tittupping" up from Bideford to stay with her cousins Piers, Giles, the Almost-Twins, Beatrix, and the golden-headed, cornflower-blue eyed Littlest ("'Littlest loves you,' said Littlest").

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Nothing very striking happens except in Tamsyn's highly emotional *entrailles:* first she feels "desperately low in her inside" and starts to "ache deep down inside her": then she becomes "queer and screwed-up in her inside" and suddenly senses "something hard and bright in her inside." The sight of Piers at archery practice makes her "quite pink inside" and Uncle Martin's visit causes her inside to "sway gently up and down."

The children visit a Wise Woman (Wart-charming and Shingles a Speciality) who, with her "and what do 'e want wi' old Tiffany Simcock?" must be a Starkadder forebear. She gives them hyssop honey ("There 'bain't none so sweet"), spots Tamsyn as a fellow Devonian, advises against picking rampion at Midsummer, Ruth Drapers her way through her borage, wormwood, memilot, bergamot, elecampane and cummin, and has a good word for the Druids ("... but they weren't no wiser than old Tiffany Simcock, my days, no!"). Tamsyn is quoted as saying, loverly, beasterly and miser-rubble, and ripe gooseberries are "bursty-soft" and figs "slishy." Prolonged reading has the effect of a double helping of cherry conserve pasty thickly daubed with honey (Simcock's Best Hyssop of course).

In *The Gauntlet*, Peter Staunton has a Moberly-and-Jourdain translation back into the fourteenth century and finds himself having a lesson in table manners from the Lady Marian: don't dip your tench in the salt: don't let gravy trickle on to your cote-hardie: don't blow your nose with the eating hand (Lady M. obligingly demonstrates on to the rushes). There are liripipes, peregrine falcons, butts of Malmsey (at this period full of nothing but Malmsey), groats, Bends Sinister, and a witch (Blodwen Rees). The Lord Roger togs up in woollen drawers, haqueton, hauberk, sollerets and demi-jamberts and has a spirited joust with Fulk Fitz-Osborne, finally flooring him with a deft thwack on the bascinet. Recommendable, if only for a mouth-watering recipe for pork liver balls (clutch with two fingers and thumb only: appreciative eructations are *de rigueur*).

The Escape of the Prince (yes, Bonnie Charlie) is a bustling tale of urgent hoof-beats, skulking in the heather, shelties, peat-hags, bannocks, bothies, bagpipes, and "a healthy-looking Highland girl," Flora Macdonald, who is somehow connected in one's mind with Douglas Byng. There are stimulating brushes with the Militia, exciting sea-trips ("Veer the trusses! Slack out your topsail braces!"), and some understandably makeshift meals of dulse (seaweed soup), toasted calf's ear, dramach (sea-water and oatmeal), brose (and oatmeal), cow's brains (and oatmeal), and oatmeal. Ideal for a juvenile stocking and excellently written.

Path to Glory is a series of episodes concerning Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, episodes "in the nature of tapestries hung upon a solid frame of historical fact." The solidest frame present belongs to Isabelle Laroche, the "ripe fruit" of whose lips Lieutenant Smith first tastes in "the sweet coolth of a West Indian twilight," Isabelle wearing a billowing creation of pale yellow ("She was French by birth, but what of that?"). She next turns up in Normandy as la Comtesse de Guichen in flowered white mousseline, her generous *décolletage* a target for the bold kisses of Lieutenant Phélypeaux of the Engineers ("the army, you know"), while le Comte arranges go-ahead lectures on Rousseau for the domestics (it is 1783) and invites M. Danton to dine. After the "pouting ripeness" of the Lady Ingrid Hellner in peach-coloured velvet, Captain Smith finds Isabelle again, now Citizeness Guichen and in a roomy chiffon affair, then in pale yellow gauze with gold accessories, and lastly, as a mettlesome gesture of *antisansculottisme*, sporting dark red velvet with lace ruffles.

In Constantinople the Admiral's "princess of the Caribbean Isles" has chosen a model of filmy black whose simplicity is relieved by a red rose "from the Sultan's hot-houses" and the violet hollows under her eyes. The happy pair are offered *figues surprise* with a dash of prussic acid in the cream sauce. "Delicious!" cries Sir Sidney, having wisely declined sauce. Isabelle swallows a heaped spoonful of *surprise* and pitches headlong to the floor. Sir Sidney looks sharp with first aid: "There was salt on the table, and water. He wrought with Isabelle as best he could. . . ." Some dramatic sea-battles make this a possible book for well-developed boys of sixteen upwards, or for girls who are beginning to find their pink party-frocks a touch insipid.

One wonders what features historical novels of our own period will contain. Will future generations find motor bicycles, shepherd's pie, chicken coops and television irresistibly intriguing? *Humphrey the Garage-hand* may be the very thing for a bored youngster seated snugly in Dad's space-ship while the family flips over to Mars ("Oh, Mum, not Mars *again!*") for a compressed-vitamin picnic.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

WORTHY OF WAX

Unfair Comment. By JACK SMITH-HUGHES. *Cassell.* 21s.

Trial of Dr. Lamson. Edited by HARGRAVE L. ADAM. *Hodge.* 15s.

The Victorian age, rich in so many things, from novelists to overmantels, was rich in murder. Industrialism had paved the way—the Ratcliffe Highway—for Jack the Ripper; newspapers were learning the profitableness of horror; and with the abolition of public hanging, the mobs once drawn to the scaffold now surrounded the court-room. Inside that room the murderer had taken his step forward in self-awareness. Indisputably his was the popularity consequent upon the most private of acts. A due gravity attached to the most minute details of his career, and if righteousness shone from all sides more brightly than he could have wished, it was allied to reticence. The deed done, he could sit back and listen. He had, in fact, no other choice, the law by which the prisoner could give evidence not yet being operative: an advantage to all but the most vainglorious or skilful of criminals. Any murderer or would-be-murderer of to-day, looking back over the centuries would prefer, I think, to have been born a Victorian.

They come to us, these idols of what might be termed the silent era, with a certain mysterious dignity. If Miss Madeleine Smith could have spoken, would she not have given away, not merely the secrets of the cocoa cup, but an innate vulgarity and cruelty that to this hour have been veiled? An admirable re-examination by Mr. Peter Hunt, published last year, established her guilt so far as it ever can be established. But the loophole remains. We can't be certain. The voice hasn't told. Illusions still cling about the stranger who has come forward but has yet to be introduced. The Wainwrights and the Stauntons, Drs. Pritchard and Smethurst and Lamson, and the half-dozen dauntless women who helped (possibly) to advance the rights of their sex: they form a serious and not undistinguished company, as though in them also the solidity, if not the genius, of their times had found expression.

These are major figures. Mr. Jack Smith-Hughes in his *Unfair Comment upon Some Victorian Murder Trials*—to give the book its full title—has rummaged among the less known, some perhaps undeservedly. Three, at least, of his seven cases merit recognition. Mr. Moon, who finished an evening of champagne and romping at his mistress's with a poultry-carver between his ribs, was perhaps not murdered at all. There was a quarrel; the knife was snatched up; the unlucky brewer fell. What is of interest is not so much the crime—or more likely accident—as the revelation of a whole world in which chambers in St. James and establishments in Bayswater, heavy sons of the aristocracy and the etiquette of the kept woman (chaperones, piano-playing nieces, etc.), money in plenty and not a little affection, and the duller gaieties of race-

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MACGIBBON & KEE

course, theatre and supper party, are curiously blended. Neither poor Moon nor his Flo can claim our immediate sympathies (he, in particular, seems to have been mildly disagreeable) but one enjoys the intrusion, and one can't help feeling sorry for them: she got eight years, and he—posthumously, of course—was expunged from Debrett. To be the victim of such a tragedy may be a crime in itself.

Then there is Captain Dudley who returned from the South Atlantic with a strange tale of having, with three others, drifted 1,000 miles in an open boat, and at length having killed and eaten the cabin boy: a circumstance to which the survivors undoubtedly owed their lives. He was surprised, even shocked, to find himself arrested and tried for murder; and his wife complained of the sentence of six months that she had expected to have him home over the week-ends. From this exploit of Captain Dudley —suggests Mr. Smith-Hughes—came the inspiration for Gilbert's *Nancy Bell*.

Necessity, in his case, proved a strong argument for the defence. But is the necessity of the ordinary stay-at-home murderer any less? May not the compulsion be ever fiercer? Murder, one might say, begins at the fireside. William Seward, married (and perhaps tricked into it) to a woman fifteen years his senior, bankrupt, driven to drink and a job at the pawnbroker's, one day cut his wife into pieces and—after each day's work—distributed the pieces from a bucket about Norwich. Many of these relics were discovered but there was no inquest, and seventeen years later, having acquired another wife and children, Seward walked into the Walworth Police Station on New Year's Day to give himself up for murder. He had some difficulty in getting himself charged, tried and hanged; and whether conscience was not more than well satisfied before that final exaction, we shall never know.

The most insinuating of this book's subjects—though hardly a rediscovery—is Risk Allah Bey, that ingenious Turk, soldier, surgeon, diplomat and financier, in whose career the murder of a nephew in Antwerp (for £6,000) was one of the rare triumphs among a succession of ambiguous failures. The story is retold at some length; most entertaining it is. In general *Unfair Comment* offers brisk reading on the journalistic-legal level, and its author does best when he doesn't feel called upon for jauntiness.

Back among the notables, Dr. Lamson is further established with a second edition. He is remarkable for his sensitive profile, for his bold employment of medical knowledge (he poisoned a crippled brother-in-law with atropine in such a way that a third party present couldn't detect the transaction), for the brief confession written after sentence in which he attributes an instability of character to the morphia habit. Financial worries had made him desperate. Now and then one finds in him traces of normal integrity and a more-than-normal intelligence: quite a relief after too prolonged a study of his co-murderers. Yet even this paragon, having first marked the paragraph detailing the symptoms in his text-book, caused his victim to die in appalling agony.

G. W. STONIER

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THE BREAK-UP OF A CULTURE

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Born in Berlin, the son of a nineteenth-century liberal rationalist, Herr Mehring was brought up in an atmosphere of enlightened liberal culture, brought up more particularly in the environment provided by his father's extensive library. His father dies; there is the first World War; there is the Weimar Republic; the Nazis come and Herr Mehring escapes to Vienna whither his father's library follows him; the Nazis come to Vienna; he escapes again to Paris; the Nazis come to Paris and he escapes to America where he writes an epilogue on a New England farm. These events are assigned comparatively little space in the narrative; the occasion of the book and its subject-matter are the arrival at long last in America of his father's library, the unpacking of the books and the meditations to which they give rise, meditations concerned less with individual books than with the "unique historical æsthetic and philosophical configurations in my father's library." The theme of the meditations is the contrast between nineteenth-century hopes and twentieth-century reality; it is, in short, the break-up of a culture. This note is sounded in the first paragraph. The library had been salvaged thanks to the efforts of the "Czech Embassy attaché in Berlin" who was "a lyric poet of the Prague Cabalistic-minded group which numbered among its members Werfel, Meyrink, Kafka and Capek. Hoffman was later burnt alive in a crematorium."

Throughout the book the same note is struck. Herr Mehring surveys the gods of his father's world—Nietzsche and Dostoievsky and Anatole France, Proust and Tolstoy and Melville, Darwin and Spencer, above all Spencer with his "progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." And as he recounts their hopes, recalls their Utopias, he throws into the contrast of high relief the realities of the world they did not foresee, a world in which Satan stalks the land and in whose concentration camps "it was commonplace for someone to seize upon a corpse in order to have something dry to lie down on."

Herr Mehring admirably hits off the outstanding characteristics of pre-1914 thought, for example our flirtations with irrationalism in Bergson and Sorel and the approval which such men as his father gave to "propaganda 'by action,' especially in the form conceived by Aristide Briand: the general strike. He even gave reluctant approval to bomb-throwing terrorism." The wild beast had lived so long behind the bars of the nineteenth-century zoo that it never occurred to us that there was danger in playing with him, that he might one day be let out and that Vienna would become the prey of howling mobs looking for "Yids" and "Reds" to "string up", especially those who had "lots of books." Two things in particular, Herr Mehring intimates, his father's generation overlooked. First, that the influence of books may be evil as well as good. The nineteenth century gave everybody the power to read without pausing to reflect that in so doing it gave the key of men's minds to any man of genius, even to any madman, who had the art of poisoning them for his own purposes. Secondly, they miscalculated the effects of machines. "All the achievements of technology" could not, they thought, fail to bring about the millennium from "the Wright Brothers' flying machines (uniting all nations in the ether)" to "Nobel's dynamite, nihilism's ideal stuff of peace."

The theme is original, and Herr Mehring has first-rate material to draw on, yet the book itself is disappointing. Its purpose is obscure. Ostensibly it is to determine how, when and why the rot set in: "When did this damnable midnight of the west actually begin; in the nineteenth century of our enlightened fathers, or in our twentieth century of particidal sons, the self-blinded Oedipuses?" But the topic is not followed up and the question remains unanswered.

There is a certain power of phrase-making—"Where once many roads led to Rome, all highways now lead to the factory, the laboratory or the concentration camp"—but as the book proceeds, it loses itself in a bog of mystical musings from which no clear thing, whether message, moral or doctrine, emerges. The semi-narrative form which the author has chosen tends to fall between two stools. Not enough personal details are given to satisfy any interest that one may feel in Herr Mehring and his wanderings, too many for an objective appraisement of the contrast which he seeks to draw between the pre- and the post-1914 world.

C. E. M. JOAD

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The Animal's World. By DORIS L. MACKINNON. *Bell.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

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Hathoo of the Elephants. By POST WHEELER. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the past hundred years or so, natural history books have changed, in their manner and approach, almost more than any other kind of literature.

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Mother: Do, my dear; and if you can tell me the class and order it belongs to, I will show you how to find out its name in Withering's *Botany*.

Edward: I see only two stamens, and one pistil; so that, I suppose, it is in the second class, and the first order. Am I right?

Mother: Yes, perfectly right; but you must remember, if you can, to call each class and order by the names Linnæus gave them.

Poor Edward and poor Mother—in 1834. Or perhaps not. Perhaps merely different. Perhaps, in some ways even to be envied. Still, one feels that in the matter of botany the Edwards of today are better off under the guidance of Professor Doris Mackinnon. She too, will teach them about stamens and pistils, and about the functions of these organs beyond the requirements of the Linnean classification—"Every living thing comes from an egg, even buttercups and daisies," she says—which of course the Edwards of long ago were carefully shielded from so much as suspecting. In fact Professor Mackinnon's chapter on Eggs ought to solve the anxious problems of many a parent when the time comes to impart the so-called facts of life to Little Edward or his sister

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—if these more natural children have not already found them out for themselves. Apart from this valuable chapter, *The Animal's World*—which also includes plants—is a first-rate introduction to the scientific study of living things. Well illustrated with photographs and diagrams, its only fault—and in a book of this sort priced at eighteen-and-sixpence it seems inexcusable—is the absence of an index.

Mr. Richard Ogle's *Animals Strange and Rare* is the modern counterpart of the excellent books that the Reverend J. G. Wood and Miss Arabella Buckley were industriously turning out in the Sixties and Seventies of last century. Mr. Ogle has gathered together an enormous number of curious, fascinating, and well-authenticated facts. He describes, for instance, the discovery off the coast at East London in South Africa, of that strange anachronism *Latimeria chalumnae*. Latimeria is a large fish "and was supposed to have been extinct 50 million years ago. No specimen, or even the remains of one, has been found of less recent date than those fossilised in the rock strata of the Mesozoic Epoch, or Age of Reptiles." This fantastic fish—what a catch for an optimistic angler—may yet lead to the revision, not to say the reversal, of quite a number of biological speculations. And, as Mr. Ogle believes, there are many other mysterious animals and unsolved problems that "await the young naturalist and explorer of the future." The book is illustrated with good black-and-white drawings by the author.

The Blue Fox, in spite of its wrapper and pictorial end-papers, was not written particularly for children, though there is no reason why some of them should not read it with pleasure—even with profit, since Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald claims for it a biblical quality. The book is compiled from a column called "Jan's Journal" which appears every Saturday in *The Evening Standard*. Mr. Duncan who writes this column, and writes it very well, is a Devon farmer. Devon is as yet outside the range of week-enders and is still a comparatively traditional county. Yet it is something of a jolt when one reads, "The difference between a Devonian and an ordinary Englishman is ten years. By which I mean that that is the extra time Amos and I need to fall into line with the rest of the country and follow the Ministry of Agriculture's propaganda." For what, after all, is a time-lag of only ten years?

With Mrs. Elliot's *The Hunter's Cave* we are back again with children, and rather in the nursery than the schoolroom. It is a book of Animal Folk-tales from Central Africa. They are probably not direct translations, though the author knows their native languages. But, if they have not the scientific value of the Grimm collections, they would certainly have been approved of by such a connoisseur as Andrew Lang. Miss Sheila Hawkins's pictures are charming. *Black Lightening* belongs to that rather doubtful genre of animal biography in which a few very good naturalists have excelled, and a great many not-so-good have failed exasperatingly. It is the story of a leopard, and there seems to be at least some first-hand observation behind it. The publishers draw attention to "the sheer beauty of the writing." There is no sign of sheer beauty, though the book is not, on the whole, badly written. *Hathoo of the Elephants* is imitation Kipling. The form of *The Jungle Books* is followed even to the Kiplingesque poem between chapters. Mr. Post Wheeler seems to be of the U.S.A., but his human hero is "son and heir of Lord Bleyden, of the famous show-place 'Square Shadows' at Tiverton, Kent." However, the book is mostly about elephants and is well enough. The trouble is that Kipling is strictly inimitable.

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THE SCOTS ANTITHESIS

The Scots. By MORAY MCLAREN. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

No Scottish reader finds himself opening very eagerly a new general book on his country. Such a book is likely, for one thing, to cover, with however strenuous an air of originality, familiar ground. It is likely, for another, to embarrass the more sensitive Scottish reader in various ways—by rant, by sentimentality, by pawkiness, or by striking one of a number of worn and stagey attitudes (from the "end of an auld sang" through "Here's tae us, whaur's like us?" to "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"). The main usefulness of Mr. McLaren's lively and readable scamper round the Scottish scene is that it tells English readers, in a rapid comprehensive way, most of what they really ought to know about their northern neighbours; but Scottish readers should get pleasure out of it too. Not that they will find nothing to disagree with. Scotsmen to-day tend to be passionate partisans for or against the recent Scottish literary revival. They will not like Mr. McLaren's measured judgment of that movement (that McDiarmid and Bridie, for instance, are not figures of the same stature as Yeats or O'Casey). In his literary judgments, in fact, Mr. McLaren has his sympathies with that genteel tradition against which McDiarmid and his followers so passionately rebelled. His heroes are Scott and Stevenson—he fails perhaps to see that where Scott lavished and sometimes squandered a major gift, Stevenson made the most economical use of a minor one—and he is rather distant and formal in his admiration for the Makars, and tepid about Burns; it is no relevant criticism of that great poet of social life and human nature to say that he had no eye for scenery.

It is, however, the very fact that Mr. McLaren does not write bitterly or as a rebel, that he accepts the whole Scots tradition (even finding a kind word to say for the Kailyard school) that gives him his breadth of sympathy. He represents a spirit not of compromise—that, he rightly notes, is not a Scottish vice or virtue—but of mutual respect between contrasting traditions, which is one of the new strengths of Scotland to-day. Thus, though he is a Roman Catholic, it would be difficult to find a more intimate and sympathetic account of Scottish Presbyterianism than that in his chapter on religion; and though his own attitudes are European, literary, and bohemian, he rightly sees that the strength of the "Covenant Movement" lies in the fact that it is not romantic, youthful, or extremist, but, with its two million signatures, essentially respectable and middle-class. In essence, his book is that of a talker, a Scottish talker of the affable and insistent sort, who does not quite know when to stop. It is short on dates and documentation; the same impressions and opinions are sometimes repeated on successive pages, with only a slight variation of phrasing or context; the fairly obvious is often too enthusiastically rubbed in. Still the very lack of scholarly apparatus and the very breathlessness make one feel that Mr. McLaren is writing from what he intimately knows and feels, and not from a pile of books on his desk.

Scotland is a country of both more striking contrasts and more striking unity than England; the unity is built on the contrasts. A general writer on Scotland is therefore bound to frame his book on antitheses (the romantic Highlander and the realistic Lowlander, Mary and Knox, the deserted glens and the clanging industrial belt, and so on). His danger is always that of making these contrasts mere stereotypes. Mr. McLaren on the whole avoids this danger; he may start with the conventional notion, but nearly always gropes through to the felt reality. With time and patience to condense his book to about two-thirds of its present length, he might have produced a masterpiece. Even as it is, he should convince the candid English reader both that the Scottish tradition is not a mere provincial variant of the English one, and that Scottish Nationalism is not merely the fad of a few hot-headed undergraduates and eccentric or embittered men-of-letters.

G. S. FRASER

PARADISE LOST

Speak, Memory. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. *Gollancz.* 16s.

The Bad Old Days. By CHARLES GRAVES. *Faber.* 15s.

My Turn to Make the Tea. By MONICA DICKENS. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

Some I Knew Well. By CLIFFORD BAX. *Phoenix House.* 15s.

For those who have been driven out of any Eden, the cult of memory holds dangers and rewards. In Mr. Nabokov's case, both are considerable. His childhood and youth were spent in a rich family in pre-revolutionary St. Petersburg, from which he fled, almost penniless, at the age of eighteen. He was thrust abruptly out of his Eden, then, at a dangerous moment; the lost paradise is synonymous with youth. It really was a sort of paradise, too; peopled with charming and intelligent parents (his father was a member of the liberal intelligentsia, one of the leaders of the Constitutionalist Democratic Party), uncles as richly eccentric as minor characters in Chekhov, tutors and governesses of a mysterious oddness, and little girls with whom he fell in love on beaches, and about whom, Proust-like, he has forgotten nothing. The family dripped with money; nobody bothered with anything so tedious as housekeeping, "with a permanent staff of about fifty servants and no questions asked"; holidays were spent as a matter of course in Italy, Paris, Biarritz. At the age of eighteen Nabokov himself inherited, from one of the highly flavoured uncles, a fortune which would have made him a millionaire if the revolution had not swept it away before he had had time to spend a rouble.

It would have been fatally easy for these reminiscences to have been a long nostalgic drone about past glories. They are anything but that. The whine of the refugee is never heard; the voice is the voice of an exile, but there is no self-pity in it. His recollections are those of a man who has deliberately cultivated memory for the sake of the polished fragments it can salvage from the past.

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The passion of his childhood and adolescence (one that has survived) was for the archaic and mysterious insect world, in particular for butterflies and moths. He is fond of seeing a slightly mad significance in tiny repetitions of experience; and here and there the act of association produces a moment of poetry, as when the smell of ether in his nostrils, when a man, brings back the minute sensations of a small boy among his butterflies.

> I was under ether during an operation, and . . . saw my own self in a sailor suit mounting a freshly emerged Emperor moth under the smiling guidance of my mother. It was all there, brilliantly reproduced in my dream, while my own vitals were being exposed: the soaking, ice-cold absorbent cotton pressed to the lemurian head of the moth; the subsiding spasms of its body; the satisfying crackle produced by the pin penetrating the hard crust of its thorax; the careful insertion of the point of the pin in the cork-bottomed groove of the spreading board . . .

The only danger of this intense cultivation of the minutiae of memory is that, with every point so highly wrought, detail obscures the whole, and it is not easy to carry away a coherent picture. As an emigré Mr. Nabokov lived in Berlin and Paris, was miserable in Cambridge, got married, fathered a child (a phenomenon which obsesses him even more than butterflies), and finally sailed away to America, where he is presumably successful and happy. But all this goes by in a slight fog: what we really remember is the tray of moths, the Pear's soap in the nursery bathroom, and Mademoiselle's hands, which were "unpleasant because of the froggy gloss on their tight skin besprinkled with brown ecchymotic spots."

At the opposite pole of autobiography stand Mr. Charles Graves's reminiscences, *The Bad Old Days*. Mr. Graves has always kept a diary, and it is full of names. These names, these fashionable places, have, for him, a compelling magic. He repeats them like incantations; a society journalist sincerely in love with his job. He has enjoyed his private and professional adventures so much that one feels it must quite have hurt him to call the Twenties the bad old days, in spite of the rueful joke. Quite clearly he adored them, and who would be such a prig as to contend that, in his shoes and with his sanguine temperament, one would not have adored them too? He has hoarded the oddest scraps of information; as, for instance, that Miss Grethe Thorsen was "the first Norwegian girl to marry into the peerage," that "the Prince of Wales was a regular visitor to Le Touquet though he always went to bed early," and that the mounted police engaged for his own wedding at St. Margaret's, to keep back the crowd, cost a trifle more than nine shillings apiece. Though it is not likely to make its greatest appeal to NEW STATESMAN readers, there is genuine zest and likeableness in this book.

How fortunate are those whose own lives strike them as exquisitely funny! It has become quite a school of female literature in America, where keeping chickens, being married to a doctor, having tuberculosis or a baby are experiences to be moulded instantly into best sellers, a scream from start to finish. Miss Monica Dickens is the ablest exponent, here, of this cheerful school. She has successfully explored the funniness of domestic service and hospital nursing, and now, in her third volume of autobiography, tells us how amusing it is to live in dirty lodgings and work as a reporter on a small provincial newspaper. She has good heart, good spirits, a relentless eye, and an economical way of making dreariness a joke: but the respectable provincial underworld is almost too much for her. One hopes Miss Dickens has a nice clean comfortable home to go to, after this.

Mr. Clifford Bax has never written a biography, but he is rich in scraps of knowledge about many people, and since he rightly considers it would be a waste to write nothing because he does not possess more, he has compromised with a series of elegant portraits. Arnold Bennett, "AE," Havelock Ellis, W. B. Yeats, James Agate, Aleister Crowley and a good many more are presented in a leisurely way, and with a nice old-fashioned tolerance, as though this were part of the author's famous good manners. This is an attractive collection, which would be even better if the little poems between the portraits had been left out. Somehow, they embarrass; but perhaps it is unmannerly to notice.

MARGARET LANE

MOSTLY UNDER SAIL

The Quest of the Schooner Argus. By ALAN VILLIERS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20s.

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Eternal Wave. By J. S. HUGHES. *Temple Press.* 15s.

Out of Poole. By G. C. L. PAYNE. *Murray.* 12s. 6d.

Here are four books, each about the sea and each dealing largely or exclusively with vessels in which power is subsidiary to sail. Three of them narrate the adventures of people who could with greater economy have stayed quietly at home. The fourth deals with a commercial enterprise, the Portuguese cod fishing on the Newfoundland Banks and off Greenland. In every case hardship, sometimes great hardship, was inevitable and in all there was at least an element of risk. One cannot help asking why such books have the attraction that they undoubtedly exert, not only on the few who can match the achievements described, but on the many whose experience of sail is limited to short trips, perhaps mostly in more or less sheltered waters, or is even confined to their own fireside. First, perhaps, comes the pleasure of contemplating the efforts of a master in a field in which one has striven, however badly; next, to me at least, comes the technical interest of the problems in practical hydrodynamics set by the flow of air and water—how will an unusual rig or an unusual shape of hull behave in the varied conditions of a long voyage—and, finally, the pleasure that one gets from any travel book with descriptions of unknown places and modes of life. But since everyone will have his own scale of values for these things, which will probably not coincide with mine, and since these four books draw their attraction in very different proportions from the sources I have measured, it is not to be expected that others would agree with any order of merit I could give, so I will not try. They are all books of worth.

Alan Villiers, well known for his experiences in large sailing ships, went on a four-masted fishing schooner to see the life of the modern Banks and Greenland fishermen. The *Argus* is a steel schooner built in Holland in 1938 to carry some 900 tons of cod and is one of about 30 vessels which annually sail from Portugal on this venture. In the last twenty years the fishing has been regulated and helped by a Government organisation, the "Gremio." This fixes rates of pay and conditions of service and even, in theory, though apparently seldom in practice, directs fishermen to their ships. It also provides a hospital ship on the Banks, arranges broadcasts and does a good deal in Portugal itself for the fishermen and their families. Villiers speaks of it in very warm terms and it certainly appears to be well run. The actual fishing is still done in one-man flat-bottomed dories carrying sail and not much larger than a racing dinghy. The dorymen must surely be the most expert small boat sailors in the world; they regularly go some miles from the parent ships and, if they can, they will load with fish till the dory has only an inch or two of freeboard, for they are partly paid by their individual catch. Weather is treacherous and the dangers of swamping, and of being lost in fog for days, are very real. One is made to feel the comradeship of the crew and officers and gains a real affection for some members of both. The continued success of the dorymen is threatened by improved trawling methods, though so far they have held their own well. It would be a real loss to our age, in which too few depend on their personal skill and nerve, if this way of life were to fail, though it should be said that the crews of both trawlers and schooners are largely recruited from the same men and most of the captains come from the little port of Ilhavo.

Boleh is an account of a vessel designed and built at Loyang in Malaya by a naval officer and sailed by him and four friends, including a Chinese cook, from Singapore to Salcombe. *Boleh* is of 16 tons displacement and was designed to include many features characteristic of junks, both in hull and rig. Thus she has a false stern beyond the true counter and her original mainsail was a lug, though a gunter one, with battens of an elaborate kind. She has no shrouds but a four-pole mast. To build such a vessel with only native help is itself a considerable achievement for an amateur. On the whole the hull seems to have been a success; it was a little slow but that is probably inevitable in a vessel which is to be tough enough to stand up to all kinds of weather for days and weeks at a time. The rig was less successful, and for a good part of the time she hoisted a loose-footed mainsail of normal design or ran with forward canvas only. As a sea-boat she gave such confidence that they discarded their sea-anchor at Mauritius. A device designed to enable the propellor to be removed when the engine was not in use was not an unqualified success. The book is entertainingly written and very well documented with plans of the vessel and sketches of her gear. It is illustrated by pencil sketches by the author—full page, which I liked, and thumb-nail which I liked less—as well as by photographs. They went by way of the Cape, and this book scores over the other three in diversity of scenery.

Eternal Wave is the only book of the four in which power has more to say than sail. It is chiefly an account of the cruises of the late T. N. Dinwiddy, who succeeded Claud Worth as Vice-Commodore of the Royal Cruising Club. He twice won the Claymore Cup in sail and then

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turned to the vessel whose name forms the title of the book, a converted R.N.L.I. lifeboat. In her Dinwiddy visited, over a term of years, Norway, Denmark, the Frisian coast and the Baltic, in which, perhaps, his most interesting cruising was done. At the age of sixty, Dinwiddy sold *Eternal Wave* and returned to sail with the single-handed cruiser *Svenska*, built in the Island of Oland, from where he sailed her back to the Dart. Mr. Hughes writes in a chatty style and does not hesitate to diverge from his main theme if he has an interesting yachting anecdote to tell.

Finally, we have ocean racing. In *Out of Poole*, Mr. Payne describes a trip of five months in the Swedish-built *Karim IIIe* They crossed by the southern route to New York, took part in the Bermuda race, and then in a transatlantic race home with the other British contestant in the former event. They were lucky with their trade winds and had a good voyage over, but the return was less pleasant. *Karim III* was not very successful in either race, but the story of her voyages is simply and pleasantly described and illustrated by photographs.

GEORGE THOMSON

TROOPS OF TRAVELLERS

Victoria's Subjects Travelled. Edited by HERBERT VAN THAL. *Barker*. 25*s*.
Journeys in England. Edited by JACK SIMMONS. *Odhams*. 15*s*.
Travellers in Eighteenth Century England. By ROSAMOND BAYNE-POWELL. *Murray*. 18*s*.

A recently revived interest in travellers' tales has set a fashion for anthologies in which this vast, fascinating and largely neglected branch of literature is presented in accessible form. In *Victoria's Subjects Travelled*, Mr. Herbert van Thal has confined himself to the works of British travellers abroad between 1850 and 1900. The choice is admirable. The Victorian age, as he points out, produced a galaxy of travellers as audacious as the Elizabethans, and less recognised by posterity. Through the eyes of forty odd explorers, missionaries, naturalists and adventurous tourists he gives us a gorgeous kaleidoscopic picture of the world of our grandparents, a world more colourful and extreme than ours, when local costume was general, even in Europe, when rulers were truly regal and savages truly savage. So we see the Korean hierarchy in mediaeval armour, a Tibetan miracle play, Indian, Moorish and Abyssinian potentates in barbaric splendour, Maipuan cannibals feasting in a gruesome skull-decorated temple, Red Indians and buffaloes menacing wayfarers in the American plains, besides those wonders of nature—icebergs, geysers, caverns, jungles, mountain panoramas—which the Victorians viewed with a mingling of humble admiration and scientific curiosity.

It would seem unreasonable, when this book offers so much, to complain that some of it is hard to read, unless one bears in mind why so many of these records of extraordinary journeys have lain forgotten. The "fabulous Victorians," as the editor justly terms them, had a way of hiding their fabulousness behind a mask of dignity amounting sometimes to impassivity. All write good English (they came from the educated classes and their names in this volume make an impressive list of titles), but this is too often as orthodox and flavourless as the food they were addicted to when they were not obliged to try fried dog, cuttlefish, Persian sweetmeats and stewed wallaby abroad. Moreover they were over-conscientious in description. Their works abound in useless information concerning approximate mileages and measurements of objects varying from craters to broken columns, while many descriptions of scenery are marred by their habit of seeing a landscape in the conventions of a stage-set: "to the right . . . to the left . . . in the background . . ." Some impressive exceptions to period-pedantry find their place in this volume: the celebrated Burton, W. H. Hudson and Cunninghame Graham, the incomparable Doughty, such delightful lesser-known travel-writers as Palgrave and Sir Leslie Stephen, not to mention those indecorous collaborators Viscount Milton and W. B. Cheadle. But it is a pity that Mr. van Thal has included so many long passages of static description from the duller works of indomitable naturalists and indomitable but garrulous lady globe-trotters, and some descriptions of sights—a bull-fight, numerous "native bazaars"—which have become clichés of English travel literature. Nearly all the extracts would have been more effective if they had been cut, and interspersed with comment and explanation, while the introductory biographical notes could well have been expanded to point the character and achievements of travellers who reveal themselves inadequately in their writings.

Professor Jack Simmons's *Journeys in England* indicates that if the English often write well of the exotic sights and scenes of the globe, they surpass themselves describing their familiar meadows and heaths, country houses and cathedral towns. The quotations in this enchanting book, prose and some poetry, ranging from the fourteenth century to the nineteen-forties, are striking by reason of their acute sensibility, tenderness, wit, zest for life and delight in factual detail, all testifying to the Englishman's deep atavistic love of his countryside. The most hardened traveller, it seems, would have agreed with Hudson as he looked upon the Exe: "Many rivers had I seen in my wanderings, but never one to compare with this visionary river . . ."

Some of our most distinguished authors appear at their best describing such beloved scenes, Dickens, Hazlitt, Lamb, de Quincey, Walpole, Wordsworth, while the editor's decision to admit passages from works of fiction allows the inclusion of such writers as Chaucer, Hardy and Sir Walter Scott. His decision is amply justified by the poignant authenticity of these quotations: Hardy's description of a disused coach-road on a winter's evening, the account of Tom Brown's journey to Rugby as an outside coach-passenger on a winter's night, his breakfast of kidneys and pigeon pie in a firelit inn, are almost unbearably nostalgic. But some wonderful surprises are provided by the journals of obscure and non-professional writers: the tragic account of Wolsey's last journey, the tale of a prim governess who found herself, on her way to the Isle of Man, playing a duet—flute and flageolet—with a "rough-faced" journeyman-saddler, the coach-guard Bayzand's story of befriending two improvident sailors, are among the most memorable. Besides walking, riding, coaching, early train journeys, voyages by naval cutter and narrow-boat, more eccentric forms of travel are represented: the morris dance of the Elizabethan Kemp from London to Norwich, the stunt-journey of that seventeenth-century mechanical genius Mr. Bush, in a self-designed vehicle, by air, land and water, and a pioneer balloon flight recorded in a minute to minute log which breathes the chill of mist and wind and fear.

Miss Rosamond Bayne-Powell covers ground more familiar to most readers in her *Travellers in Eighteenth Century England*, which amounts to a survey of the country seen through the eyes of foreign visitors. None the less she has assembled some entertaining anecdotes and interesting facts to make up a book which is well put together and written in a crisp style enlivened by a pleasing dry humour.

DOROTHY CARRINGTON

PATTERNS OF BOOZE

Drink. An Economic and Social Study. By HERMANN LEVY. *Routledge*. 21*s*.

The late Professor Levy had the distinction of being quoted by Lenin as a main source in *Imperialism and Monopoly Capitalism*. A tall, bald, kindly scholar with an ear trumpet, he had made pioneer investigations, before the first world war, into cartels and trusts. Later he collaborated with Sir Arnold Wilson in a massive study of the then iniquitous system of Industrial Assurance. He was also an expert on restrictive practices in the retail trades. All these were ways in which pennies were drawn from the pockets of the poor to swell the fortunes of the rich. Not least among those who have thus profited are the brewers and distillers, and I suspect it was from a wish to expose their exploitation of a general weakness that Professor Levy undertook the present work.

Alcohol "first selects the delicate nerve centres of the brain, retarding and sometimes paralysing the action of the higher inhibitory controls. Its first results, accordingly, are a feeling of comfort and self-confidence and the temporary disappearance of cares and worries." But drink is, of course, the great cheat. We pay for it and, in this country, we pay heavily. Moralists and economists alike are amazed at how much of our national income we pay over bar counters, not to mention the cost in road accidents, reduced industrial efficiency, broken homes and illegitimate babies. The death rate among publicans is only equalled, I believe, by that among doctors.

An interesting report recently issued by the World Health Organisation—too late for inclusion in the present work—gives an estimate of the extent of alcoholism in various countries. The list is headed by the United States, a country which is perhaps unduly given to worry. The figure for Britain is proportionately about a quarter of the American figure, and twice that for wine-drinking Italy. In this report, alcoholism is defined as "any form of drinking which in its extent goes beyond the traditional and customary dietary use or the ordinary compliance with the social drinking customs of the whole community concerned."

Professor Levy is against drink and against the

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brewers' propaganda that it is "good for you." He has little difficulty in making out his case. At the same time he agrees that there has been a steady decline in the national consumption of drink, though not in the national drink bill. He thinks that there would be a further reduction in drinking if it were not for the brewers' efforts to prevent it. It would seem that whatever they do the brewers can hardly go wrong from their point of view or right from Professor Levy's. The old-style crowded pub favours old-style heavy drinking, while a younger generation can be attracted by the "improved house" with its tennis courts, dance floor and crèche. It is suggested, however, that eventually, in spite of the brewers, the new housing estates, with their gardens and allotments, and the new possibilities for home life they open up, will reduce drinking; and I dare say they will.

Nevertheless, I doubt if drinking or pubs will fade away for some while. We shall continue to seek in them, though perhaps with increasing moderation, "the temporary disappearance of cares and worries." Nor can I find it in me to deplore wholly, for English people, an intermittent relaxation of "the higher inhibitory controls." As for the brewers, I am not sure what we ought to do with them, but the idea of a nationalised brewing industry is distasteful. I would prefer to place a special tax on their profits and to spend the proceeds on fine architecture and music. In at least one passage, Professor Levy makes an almost equally reactionary admission:

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I raise my glass to the good Professor's shade!

CHARLES MADGE

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Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia. Vol. VII. Industry and Commerce. *Oxford.* 30s.

At the end of a pile of instructive books for boys and girls I am usually left feeling beaten, bullied and guilty—guilty because I am ignorant of and bored by so many things that even a juvenile should know. But this year's experience was rather better.

Books about books are always a success with the habitual reader and rather doubtfully received by the occasional one, so it is hard to know whether Geoffrey Trease's *Enjoying Books* will give any child the disease who has not already got it. But if anything can, it will. Mr. Trease has a persuasive enthusiasm for all books of quality, whether by Thomas Hardy or P. G. Wodehouse, whether about the girls of St. Penguins or Mr. Pepys; he talks about them with an unaffected ease that could not possibly put anyone off but at the same time is completely adult. I wanted to rush off and get all the books he talked about that I had not read, and to re-read all the books I had read before. He talks well about poetry too. As a small book on an enormous subject *Enjoying Books* conveys a promise of endless excitement in something the same way that Bradley's *Making of English* does.

The Wool Pack deserves a place amongst successful books about children of other centuries. It is about Nicholas Fetterlock, son of a rich wool merchant living in the reign of Henry VII, and how he discovered a Lombardic plot to ruin his father by cheating him out of his best wool and selling it against the regulations laid down by the Staple. It is told simply with no affected *Olde Worlde* language and one is made to feel, not that one is learning about the wool trade in a nice easy way, but about the daily life of a real boy, and that the problems which arise are his problems and are going to affect his future life. Very rarely the descriptions of wool manufacture are unnecessarily elaborate for the occasion, but the story is good enough for it to be difficult to put down. But *We Go To Paris* is rather less successful in getting across its information. A thirteen-year-old-girl Jane goes to Paris for the first time and explains that she is going to write everything down so that her mother can write a book about it. She meets a boy, Michael, who is her twin and who has a French mother and an English father. French children are crammed with facts sooner than English ones but I found Michael's encyclopaedic knowledge hard to believe in and even harder to bear; and I can't help thinking that a schoolchild would share my feelings. *We Go To Paris* is full of unusual bits of information about places to go to—the Sunday bird market, for instance, on the Ile de la Cité; it is good about the smells and sounds that a fourteen-year-old would enjoy, but it tries to get in far too much history (especially French Revolution history). And it has, on the whole, rather dull comments on the more obvious sights.

David Severn is well known as a writer of good adventure stories for children. Now he has written a description of a real journey from Alexandria to Capetown—in the form of letters to the reader. The book is printed as typed pages with marginal drawings. I was put off by this and felt it unnecessary nonsense, but my children assured me that it was not annoying but quite fun and when I came to read it I was reconciled. A journey through Africa is not easy to make informative and gay without being smugly geographical, but Mr. Severn manages it. "She showed us two scorpions, pickled in jars. They were the ugliest things I had ever seen. 'This one stung my husband,' she said. 'It was in his bed.' I can tell you we searched our own beds thoroughly that night." I very much enjoyed the thought of the three natives each with a garden roller on his head, and of the English fourteen-year-old who was so bored with big game that her ambition was to become a London hairdresser.

Adventures With Stamps tells the story of the Empire through the stamp issues, an interesting idea that produces a slightly pedestrian book. Children ought to enjoy it but very likely will not. *Let Me Drive*, though it has a tendency to talk down, really does describe exactly how to drive an engine and is illustrated with bright, ugly, diagrammatic, coloured pictures. *Wheels Round the World* is a book that all boys at all interested in motor cars will like. Mr. Hess has written clearly and shortly the stories of the great pioneer drives, from the earliest days of motoring: "The world tour of Dr. Lehwess" (he only succeeded in driving from the Agricultural Hall to Nijni Novgorod where he got lost in a snow drift); the drive known as "the Jules Verne adventure"; Pekin to Paris; New York to Paris; and finally the absurd but exciting journey that Mr. Hess himself took last year in the Austin A.40, "Round the World in Three Weeks." To these efforts, ridiculous, brave, or tragic, motorists today owe more than they suppose.

I have left the new volume of the *Junior Encyclopaedia* until the last. It needs no recommendation. When one looks up things of which one is ignorant the information is clear and enticing, and when one looks up something one knows about the reminder is accurate. The prefatory notes are beautifully simple and the cross references from one volume to another would obviously be a pleasure rather than an irritation to follow up. Some of the coloured pictures are unnecessarily "popular."

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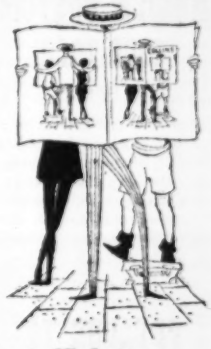

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THE difficulty in writing the life of an actor is that his genius lies in the power of not being himself and, once he has gone, his life and his performances melt away among rival memories.

> "It is the fate of actors," Irving wrote to a friend in 1890, "to be judged by echoes which are altogether delusive—when they have passed out of immediate ken, and some fifty years hence some old fool will be saying—there never was an actor like Irving."

Hence the baffled nostalgia of theatrical reminiscence, the suggestion of yesterday's champagne and last year's balloons. Those of us who are outside the theatre have the bewildered feelings of teetotallers, as we read these books. One falls back on the theory that an actor is not, in the biographical sense, a person, or that he will only be seen in the glimpses that a Hazlitt will give us of a Kean, or a Boswell will give us of a Garrick. I seem to detect something of this dangerous idea—I mean the idea that an actor is personally a blank or a theory—in the otherwise good advice Shaw gave to Irving's son when he talked of writing his father's life:

> . . . don't make it a vestryman's epitaph. Let us have the truth about the artist, the stupendously selfish, self-sacrificing truth. The artist sacrifices everything, beginning with himself. But his art *is* himself and when the art is the art of acting, the self is both body and soul. Make that your theme and work it out ruthlessly.

This drastic view of artistic egotism was a favourite one of Shaw's but a great deal would be missed if a biographer stuck to it too literally. Irving's new biographer, his grandson, has fortunately put flesh on that skeleton and his book is far richer than any case-history of the artist could be.

The luck of obtaining a tin trunk full of Irving's incoming correspondence which had been saved from the Lyceum, indicated to this biographer what a mass of revealing detail a man's life is. He started on the huge, practical labours of research and the long, informative and amusing book he has built up is a triumph of saturation. Irving has been raised by a brilliant biographical engineer from the deep, and I can think of no other instance in our literature in which the life of an actor has been so solidly made to replace its echoes. Mr. Laurence Irving's book is a major biographical work.

To a later generation Irving has been seen as the dank and grotesque monster invented by Shaw for his own purposes in the theatre. He exists as an egotistical devourer and reckless regurgitator of plays, a sardonic assassin of playwrights, an oblivious tyrant who subdues other talents, especially other actors and actresses, so that they fade before his dominance in the show. He represented everything the "producer's theatre" fought against. His exaggerations, his facial distortions, his gait, his mannerisms of speech and his hieratic air have all been mocked at. He gave the very dubious word "Lyceum" to the language. He was unafraid of his enemies, indeed he was not a little malign, in the amused way of a man with great power, in his hostility to them and the Ibsenite theatre. Shaw crowed over his "victory" over Irving; Irving, as Ellen Terry told Shaw, was hardly aware that there had been an attack. Protected by old habits, he could only suppose, with some cynicism, that Shaw was angling to be bought. In old age Shaw admitted that he had been unfair to Irving and, of course, he had. New movements fighting for a place have a right to unfairness; but a movement seen from its beginning with all the passion that once went into it, is very different from the same movement seen by rival self-interests from its end. Here lies Mr. Laurence Irving's strength in dealing with his grandfather. He gets into his shoes, he sees the theatre as it was when the actor began, the very gradual formation of Henry Irving's ideas in the theatre, the slow development of his powers. He is brilliant in unveiling the mechanics of the profession—especially things like its dubious business relations with the critics. Like a good many reactionaries, Henry Irving had been a revolutionary in his time. He was one of those simple geniuses who sense and then embody the mood of an age. The love of the "great" figure, the desire to colonise history with Romance, that curious aggression upon the past—one cannot call it escapism—which gave Browning, Tennyson, the Pre-Raphaelites their subject, had no counterpart in the theatre until Irving supplied it. A glance at the poetry, the novels, the didactic works of the mid-nineteenth century is enough to show how theatrical the Victorians conceived life to be; it was characteristic of the period that official condemnation of the "immorality" of the stage should provoke in Henry Irving the crowning moral impulse to make the theatre as respectable as everything else. This impulse completes him as a representative figure. Even Henry James, the most persistent of hostile critics, had moments of reluctant admiration in the end.

There were three Irvings, his biographer says: the raffish with his glass of wine, his cigar, his Bohemian style, his occasional clinging to the railings, his salty asides (an organ specially built for a religious set sounds "like a bishop piddling"). Then the Chief, with his peculiar accent, his glares, his sumptuous sense of showmanship (so that he could desecrate *Faust* with reckless delight) and his extraordinary personal sympathy. Lastly there was the figurehead of the profession who, after playing *Becket* towards the end of his career, became metamorphosed. He arrived at a make-believe state of grace, in all sincerity:

> Never having forgotten the stern religious precepts of Aunt Penberthy, having striven all his life to wring from the Church a benediction on his art, he persuaded himself that in the performance of Becket, spanning the gulf between Church and Stage, he and his audience united in an act of worship.

But there had been one more Irving: the original young Broadribb, the Somerset boy with the country voice—from which some of the quirks of accent may have come later on—who had been brought up by an implacably religious mother. She did her best to keep him from the stage in order to save him from hell fire and when he insisted she thought all her life that he was damned. From this tragic early failure in love come his later public efforts to make the theatre respectable. His accent, too (on second thoughts) had a certain parsonical strangeness, an almost Methodist pedantry and unction in the godly distortion of vowels. Irving came through the hard life of the stock companies and later, in a masterly letter, he warned both his sons, who wanted to go on the stage, against avoiding the hardships, and of their disadvantage in being the sons of a famous father. The family was a broken one, for his marriage failed, but the regard of his sons and the love with which he was regarded in his companies, are a testimony to the charm and authority of his private character. By thirty-three, that is by the time of the sudden, astonishing triumph in *The Bells*, Irving had played 630 parts. And then the last of Broadribb vanishes. The final collapse of his marriage to a girl who had pursued him, and who then became censorious and complaining as a wife and quite unsuited to life with an actor, killed Irving's private life. After that he lived for the theatre alone, and no one could penetrate beyond his professional personality. The end of the marriage was a piece of theatre in itself. He was basking in the intoxicating success of *The Bells* and his wife sat silently at the first night supper, waiting for him to leave. As they drove home across the Park she suddenly broke out with, "Are you going to make a fool of yourself like this all your life?" Irving stopped the brougham, got out, sent his wife home alone and never spoke to her or saw her again. Mr. Laurence Irving thinks that, much later on, there was no liaison between Ellen Terry and Irving; that his heart had cooled, and that, in any case, without being censorious of others, he regarded his own respectability as indispensable in the public campaign he was leading. In any case, morals were changing. There is an amusing story of old Disraeli being led into the Lyceum and wanting to give a supper party with "some of the Coryphées, as we used to do in Paris in the 50's." It had to be explained that Coryphées came now from suburbia and would be deeply shocked.

Long-haired, spindle-shanked, pale, dolorous and distinguished, Irving was exactly the public notion of the haggard actor. He had mastered a stammer; he was hopelessly short-sighted without glasses. He pushed his way with a cane like a blind man in the street if he had forgotten them; but in the theatre, he handed them to his servant in the wings before he went on and roved about by instinct. After all, he owned the stage. An individualist and an innovator in the theatre, he was deeply conservative in details. He refused to use the new-fangled grease paint, but made up in water colour. "Warm" tints were rarely used—even to redden the lips. A hare's foot lay handy by a pot of rouge, but this was applied, when all else was done, only to the ears. ("You should try it, me boy, for the ears, ye know—suggests good health"). An eccentric, an obstinate man: but, as the hostile critics came to see, after they had attacked his physical appearance and his enunciation, and had deplored that he had thrown over his comic genius, his strength and peculiarity lay in his intellectual approach to acting.

* *Henry Irving*. By LAURENCE IRVING. *Faber*. 50s.

It was (Archer pointed out) the intellect of an executive artist, "eager, rapid, earnest and instinctive." And, a later generation, to whom the word Lyceum calls up everything one means by histrionic melodrama, will be surprised to read Archer's opinion that:

> in proportion as a character calls for intellectual rather than purely histrionic qualities in its interpreter . . . in precisely the same proportion does Mr. Irving succeed in it. By intellect, he produces the effect of masterful decision of purpose, which saves even his worst parts from the fatal reproach of feebleness. By intellect he makes us forget his negative failings and forgive his positive faults. By intellect, he forces us to respect where we cannot admire. By intellect he dominates the stage.

And this indeed is the impression when we read Mr. Laurence Irving's brilliant and patient reconstructions of Irving's famous parts. The progress through Shakespeare and through a startling number of "noble" parts, was certainly individual to the point of enraging scholars, but it was not a series of emotional gestures. It was pored over, studied, worked out in careful detail and, in his first triumph, in the very touch-and-go business of *The Bells*, everything hung on his perception of the crucial detail of the part. For myself, the biographer's descriptions of Irving's chief parts are the most absorbing thing in his book and they are backed by a wonderfully lively account of the chopping and changing of criticism, before a master who went his own way. No doubt Irving sacrificed his mother, his wife, the anxious Bateman family—delightfully portrayed—Ellen Terry and his castes, to his art, but one ends with a more genial, more idiosyncratic impression than that implies. Kippers and champagne late at night, talk and cigars in the untidy room in Grafton Street, laughter, a good deal of "me boy" and then, in the morning, the books are opened, the grimaces begin before the mirror and the faintly outlandish fanatic pads his thin legs and goes off with confident irony to cast his unfailing spell. We might—and this is the highest compliment we can pay his biographer—be seeing Irving this very night and be arguing about it afterwards.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SENTIMENTAL POEM

In misty still October evenings
At the garden's end, attracted by the spade
Or mower, a bird comes on the fence and sings,
Prompted by whistling noises I have made.

Or so it seems—but one must guard against
The trap of the robin's sentimental name.
Maybe without me this soft throaty tensed
Recitative would go on just the same.

Because the bird half disappears upon
The dusky orange sunset sky, and will
Spring like a shade at solitary men
When others fly before the darkening wheel,

Do not imagine it can sympathise
Or love: no more than equal hope
These flowers with their yellow feline eyes
In lashes of unlikely heliotrope.

A brown leaf on a filament revolves.
Across the now-grey lawn the house lets fall
Its oblong lights: there human emblems move,
More plausible but no less strange and frail.

ROY FULLER

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Tact is a clever trap: taken far enough, it imposes a tyranny of its own upon behaviour. It is a towering virtue as well, of course, but a very careful man can easily carry it to a point of parody. This paradox shows up a curious doubt in many critics as to how far they feel they ought to enjoy Marianne Moore's poems. The vindication of her verse, at any rate the best of it, is the way that in the end it clears this puzzle aside, and humbles the doubters.

The tactful virtues are the virtues of this poetry. Self-sufficiency, single-mindedness, intensity and effort—qualities of character—are praised with elegance and decorum. Pride and pretension are evil things; bad manners reveal the ungracious heart. *Critics and Connoisseurs*, a poem about pomp which is almost the best in this book, says these moral things with a delicate and authoritative clarity: the poem is so good that you can see the other side of her morality in the faint pleasure she takes in her triumph. (This is only the poet's treacherous pride in his craft: it is the slightly disagreeable proof that Miss Moore is a genuine poet). A swan preening itself is blamed for ambition without understanding, and an aimless ant is blamed for silly busyness: Miss Moore lodges her hostages:

> There is a great amount of poetry in unconscious
> fastidiousness. Certain Ming
> products, imperial floor-coverings of coach-
> wheel yellow, are well enough in their way but I
> have seen something
> that I like better—a
> mere childish attempt to make an imperfectly
> ballasted animal stand up,
> similar determination to make a pup
> eat his meat from the plate.

These are poems of knowledge. As a result they depend more than most poems do on the truth of the statements they make. Miss Moore has doubts about the use of her profession in these days. Someone once said to her that poetry now could only be "prose with a sort of heightened consciousness," and she agreed that if it had to be so she would try to write it like that. ("Ecstasy affords the occasion and expediency determines the form.") Even if inspiration in words was no longer forthcoming, poetry could still be a form of action. Her practice belies her pact in a dozen poems. Of some of the others I think you can say that they are really poems *about* knowledge: they were written instead of an essay. They are full of striking phrases, but there is an uncharacteristic wordiness ("I do these things which I do") and the poems often neither begin nor end as though they had to. The problem can be seen plainly in the opening lines of *Picking and Choosing*, a very literary poem:

> Literature is a phase of life. If
> one is afraid of it, the situation is irremediable; if
> one approaches it familiarly
> what one says of it is worthless. Words are constructive
> when they are true;

All these four statements, except the third one, seem to me to be untrue, and the last is a tautology. What is the matter is perhaps the way the fear of disliking literature runs through these poems: in fact, probably you have to hate it to write it, and an anxiety-feeling about this only leads to a loss of self-respect.

In 1935, Mr. Eliot wrote a preface to the English edition of Miss Moore's *Selected Poems* which occupy two-thirds of the present volume. He ended by saying:

> My conviction, for what it is worth, has remained unchanged for the last fourteen years: that Miss Moore's poems form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time; of that small body of writings, among what passes for poetry, in which an original sensibility and alert intelligence and deep feeling have been engaged in maintaining the life of the English language.

This was hearty praise and it may have seemed reckless; but it was plainly safe. It is sad, then, to have to record a disappointment with the last part of this book. An impressive thing about *Selected Poems* is the great success of the very original versification, and this implies a wider success as well. Similarly, in the later poems, a kind of impoverishment of the subject-matter shows itself in a series of violences to the ear. It is not a question of the collapse of a style. The style in fact has been left behind, but some overbearing compulsion of tact has brought it down here and there to noise. Many years ago, Miss Moore said to William Carlos Williams, "My work has come to have just one quality of value in it: I will not touch or have to do with those things which I detest." "*Tutto che non me piace*": Ezra Pound, who admired her, told Williams in a letter how wrong he thought she was.

Mr. Aiken is also an American poet; his new book is a collection of seven longish poems interspersed with lyrics. Mr. Aiken in his career has been several different kinds of poet: now he wants to settle for a few modest but confident certainties and to write about them simply—the past of New England mainly, and those things in the present that have a history brave enough to keep the indecent future at bay. Eventually it may be that we shall not be able to use the past to good purpose at all: at present it can be won back only by a strained and painful act of will. For a poet this means that he must accept the possibility of being driven dumb by language in order to gain a small chance of present calm and fluency. The signs of that bargain are not in this book.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

POPLAR AND MUGSBOROUGH

George Lansbury. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Tressell of Mugsborough. By F. C. BALL. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

What Beatrice Webb called the "aristocratic embrace" has strangled many Socialists. It is offered deliberately to any common man of uncommon ability who begins to better himself, and he needs strong convictions and much integrity to escape it. Even if he does, the result may be the kind of inverted snobbery which made such proletarian prigs of some members of the Social-Democratic Federation that H. G. Wells cried out in protest against their "working-class boots and working-class margarine."

The whole of Mr. Postgate's moving biography of his father-in-law, indeed, shows how difficult it is for the rising Labour leader to steer between the whirlpool of apostasy and the rock of sectarianism. Should the young George Lansbury, but recently returned from Australia and gaining the public eye by his exposure of the way he and his fellow-emigrants had been swindled, accept the Liberal offer of a parliamentary career? Then, having become a Socialist, should he join his comrades in censuring Harry Quelch for wearing a morning-coat when he met the Prince of Wales? And Lansbury, himself, tells how at a session of the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor, he avoided a decision whether or not to accept a royal cigar by staring over the Prince's head. These may seem small tokens of faith; they were actually symbolic tests of class loyalty.

It was class rather than doctrinal loyalty that stamped George Lansbury's career. Though, in the middle of his life he was a small businessman, and later became a professional politician, he remained emotionally a proletarian. It is typical of him that he stayed to the end in his house in Bow Road and that he and his large family rarely lived above the level of the neighbours; there was never much money, and the Cause and the Poor always made heavy calls on what there was. He was for the Cause because of the Poor, while too many Socialists were for the Poor because of the Cause. His Socialism sprang, essentially, from the heart. What was later called "Poplarism" was something more than a clever tactic on the part of the local Guardians for

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exposing and evading the rigours of the Poor Law. It was Lansbury's social philosophy, and it was based upon a profound Christian belief in brotherhood and, oddly enough, on the Marxism that he learnt from Hyndman. From the first came both his passionate hatred of injustice of any kind and the theme upon which his life was a long essay: that poverty destroys the dignity of man. From Hyndman came the lessons that capitalism is the cause of poverty and that, if capitalism is to be overthrown, the revolutionary worker must be more than a mere tribune of the people: he must equip himself to replace the capitalist administrators by expert service, for instance, as a Guardian, a Councillor or an M.P. It is this combination that gives Lansbury's career such strength and such a fascination, for in it one sees the mingling of two of the main currents in our Labour Movement.

This marriage of emotion and class logic, moreover, made Lansbury a complex person, and it explains why he was so often an odd man out. His conscience, so shabbily derided by Ernest Bevin and other "realists," tipped him among the suffragettes and the pacifists; and the militant pacifism, coming at the end of his career, has put much of Lansbury's real achievement out of focus. His class loyalty, never understood by the clique of union leaders to whom he was always an outsider and an agitator, kept him on an even keel when men like Hodges and Thomas, or Snowden and MacDonald, sank into the upper classes.

This admirable book by Mr. Postgate, who was Lansbury's aide as well as relative, may indeed err on the side of affectionate generosity, for Lansbury had faults, but it will do a great deal to correct the impression that "Good George Lansbury" was a sentimental old dear who really did not understand the facts of political life. The truth is that he understood them, but had the courage to reject them when they clashed with his convictions. His record, here set out in detail for the first time, shows that character may matter more than political dexterity. It was Lansbury who founded the militant *Daily Herald* while MacDonald, the "Boneless Wonder," was insisting that nothing be done to embarrass Mr. Asquith. Lansbury was fighting for the unemployed in 1931, while MacDonald was intriguing with the bankers. Lansbury held his party together when the clever and the ambitious men between them had nearly destroyed it. All these things are more important than the rather pathetic "peace journeys" as the Thirties lurched towards war. George Lansbury's conscience was something much greater than a personal idiosyncrasy. It was often, in fact, the soul of the Labour Movement.

Lansbury of Poplar was one to whom the Cause, in the words of Morris, brought "name, and fame, and honour": Robert Tressell of Mugsborough is almost a nameless one. Yet the proletarian life which is described in the *Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*—the most authentic novel ever written about British workers—is the same that George Lansbury knew in Poplar. The Mugsborough builders were half-starved, swindled by their employers and by the authorities, the prey of charity-mongers, narks and even their fellow-workers, corrupted and brutalised by the conditions of Edwardian employment. Very little is known of Tressell, save that he was himself a building operative in Mugsborough (Hastings) and that he was a member of the S.D.F. Even now, Mr. Ball's painstaking research, which he reports in this intriguing book after the manner of *The Quest for Corvo*, has failed to settle anything about his early life.

Mr. Ball's great contribution, however, is the discovery of the MS. of the *Ragged Trousered Philanthropists*. He confirms a long-held suspicion that the original book was hacked about and bowdlerised before publication; and by drawing on the missing chapters he shows that it is far more radical—and more accomplished too—than the text left by its first editor. I think Mr. Ball is right when he claims, with an aggressive enthusiasm that Tressell and his S.D.F. comrades would have enjoyed, that Robert Tressell was a frustrated genius. His talents clearly spread far beyond his marvellous capacity to catch the idiom and the drift of thought of the men with whom he worked. It is tragic that copyright difficulties prevent us from reading an unexpurgated edition of Tressell's great book, now that the MS. is found at last. But the curious will find Mr. Ball's book an enjoyable substitute. Taken together with the Lansbury biography, it offers a rewarding excursion into the mind and the mood of the men who turned British Socialism from a sect into a mass movement.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

NEW NOVELS

The Dark Lantern. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Laxdale Hall. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Dangerous Places. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Lise Lillywhite. By MARGERY SHARP. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Most *voulu* and *faisandé* of *hommes de lettres*, this particular Reviewman makes a penitent bow this week, attired in the most jejune of sackcloth, *coiffé de cendres*, and with not so much as the dampest of *fuochi d'artificio* up his sleeve.

Mr. Williamson's new novel is, we are informed, the first of a sequence "which will mirror the fortunes of a family from late-Victorian times down to the period of the Second World War." You have been warned—and I must confess that this announcement induced in me a mood of alarm and despondency which the portentous, Hardyesque opening passage did little to dispel. Still, I can honestly say that I read the book right through (it took me two whole days), and, if I didn't exactly enjoy it, at least it succeeded in holding my interest—chiefly, I think, because I was puzzled to know why Mr. Williamson should ever have embarked upon it. I am still puzzled: for *The Dark Lantern*, believe it or not, is exactly what the blurb (one had hoped misleadingly) implied—a "saga" novel in the bad old Georgian tradition, all about the British *bourgeoisie* against a London-and-suburban background in the eighteen-nineties. The difficult courtship and (still more difficult) marriage of the bank-clerk hero, Richard Maddison, are described at enormous length, with innumerable (and diffuse) descriptions of London streets, the Surrey countryside, dinner-parties, picnics in Greenwich Park, etc., etc. These descriptions are, in fact, the most impressive feature of the book, and, by their piling of detail upon minute detail, produce an effect something like that of a painting by Frith. The characters are almost uniformly unpleasant—young Maddison must surely be one of the least sympathetic heroes in English fiction, an ineffectual and cold-blooded prig with almost no redeeming features, apart from a rather half-hearted taste for entomology; as for his wife, her winsome, girlish little ways reminded me over and over again of Gerty MacDowell in the Nausicaa section of *Ulysses*. . . . None of this would matter, if one could only see what Mr. Williamson was driving at: but his attitude as narrator struck me, throughout, as muddled and equivocal—his sympathies never seem to be very actively engaged, nor, on the other hand, does he achieve that Proustian detachment which one would have thought necessary, nowadays, to a novel of this kind. The style, for the most part, is curiously stilted and "old-fashioned," and much of the dialogue reads like a parody of a bad Victorian novel; in such a setting, the occasional lapses into modern "frankness"—references to syphilis, onanism etc.—have the startling effect of *graffiti* chalked upon a vestry wall. The construction is clumsy—the details of the hero's early life, for instance are flung in almost parenthetically in the middle of the book; parts of the story, too, struck me as wildly improbable—Maddison's secret marriage, in particular—and I refuse to believe that a cook and a housemaid, working unaided, could have produced (even in 1891) the

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vast and succulent banquet described on p. 153 *et seq.* Perhaps I have underrated the more admirable qualities of this book: many people will enjoy it as a period piece, and, considered in this aspect, it is almost up to the standard of all those Victorian "panoramas" by Mr. Michael Sadleir; but the writer who recurred most frequently to my mind as I read it was Gissing—for it can at least be said of *The Dark Lantern* that no English novel since Gissing has succeeded in being quite so monumentally depressing.

With Mr. Linklater cheerfulness breaks in, as one might expect; personally, I was cheered by the very first sentence of *Laxdale Hall*, in which one of the characters (a don) remarks that, if he were a writer, he would write "in times like these, only small, restrained and agreeable books." I could not more agree—and Mr. Linklater's own book is at least very agreeable, if not particularly small or restrained. I haven't read his more recent novels, but I do remember *Juan in America* and *Magnus Merriman*, which made one hope that Linklater might turn out to be the major satirist of his age. He doesn't, alas, appear to be anything of the sort, but *Laxdale Hall* is an amusing enough novel, well constructed and (except for occasional lapses) well written, with enough satire to make it tasty, and enough personal (Scottish) prejudice to recommend it to Mr. Linklater's large band of admirers. The action is concerned with some odd goings-on in a remote West Highland village: poaching, theology, politics, an amateur production of the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, lots to drink; I particularly liked the arrival of the political delegation headed by Mr. Pettigrew (exponent of "Socialism Plus"), and the theological agonies of Mr. Macaulay, the parson, about the nice distinctions between *homoousian* and *homoiousian*. I did regret, sometimes, the rumbustiousness of *Juan*; but I found this an enjoyable and amusing novel, and I admired the professional competence with which it is written.

The Dangerous Places is a continuation of Mr. Louis Golding's vast and apparently endless Jewish saga, which, beginning with Doomington in the Twenties, has now got as far as Warsaw in the Forties. Elsie Silver reappears in this instalment—"the trollop" (I quote her own words) who betrayed the Jews, her people, her country." She had not wanted a child—"it was against nature, as it is against nature for a homosexual, or a eunuch, to have a child. And yet, accredit either of these with maternity or paternity, though there may be an embarrassed snigger on the lips, in the heart the compliment rocks like a peal of bells." (Does it? I wonder.) Mr. Golding writes with immense gusto—his books are one enormous party which one is convinced one ought to be enjoying, but which (since one knows nobody) one feels rather "out of". . . . Can it be that Mr. Golding is too busy handing out drinks to make the necessary introductions? Or is it that one is, after all, just a *goy*?

Lise Lillywhite, the heroine of Miss Sharp's new novel, is not at all like Elsie Silver: an orphan of seventeen, brought up in France, she comes to England after the war accompanied by her grandfather and by the formidable Tante Amélie, who has social ambitions for her. The *monde* is not what it was, however, and Lise is received a little reluctantly by her xenophobe English relations ("To Luke's mind there were only two good reasons for crossing the Channel: either you were on your honeymoon, or you were at war")—and by their friends: "Mr. Lush's family was so extremely old that his ancestors, instead of welcoming, or resisting, William the Conqueror upon the beach, had simply ignored the Norman Conquest altogether." Miss Sharp is a practised and very competent exponent of this kind of social comedy, and *Lise Lillywhite* is excellent entertainment at a not very high level; the plot is adroitly managed, and Miss Sharp writes with a cool, ironic detachment which this Reviewman, for one, found distinctly refreshing after Mr. Golding's Middle-European party-manners, and the gas-lit, Gissingish horrors of Mr. Williamson's suburban epic.

JOCELYN BROOKE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,136

Set by J. B. Roderic

Competitors are invited to submit the closing words (limit, 150) of a sociological novel whose hero or heroine is an occupational therapist, public relations officer, driving-licence tester, contact man, welfare officer, school dentist or air hostess. Entries by December 11th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,133

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Hollywood is now rediscovering the Old Testament as a source for films. The usual prizes are offered for a publicity hand-out for a new film to be made from an Old Testament story. Limit 150 words.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

No subtlety was called for here, and competitors enjoyed an orgy of exaggeration: let us hope it was also a purgation. Stunned with epithets, bludgeoned with bad taste, the setter waded through rivers of fantastication. "Languishing lip-hungry Sharon O'Sullivan" says William Ashley, starred in a musical on the Song of Solomon, in which "on the spot research by Sexecolor's historical advisers, has brought to light the starkest love story of all time." "A biblical musical? You can't do it. That's what they said. But Multi-million Movies snapped their fingers and went off trail blazing once again" Martin Hutton informed us about *The Woman in the Tent* (Jael, pronounced J-a-i-l). "Two years alone were devoted to the attempt to create a substance that would photograph like common salt for the famous Lot incident, and although it was decided in the end that salt itself . . ." John Palmey recorded. Richard Jones brought in the up-to-date note: "Based on the bible story of Daniel, it recounts the amazing exploits of a little band of exiles pledged to preserve their way of life, against the encroachments of a cruel totalitarian régime." An archbishops' convention, if we may believe Bunwin, voted *Genesis* "the film which has done most for religion" and Sol. Z. Schrecklich, director of this million dollar epic said "It is my contribution to the struggle against Communism."

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CHESS: Pride of Discovery

No. 113

I am not referring to a discovery such as we may associate with Christopher Columbus, defined by the Oxford Dictionary as "the action of disclosing or divulging anything secret or unknown." What I have in mind is the more literal meaning of the term, defined in the same standard-work as "the action of uncovering or the fact of becoming uncovered." It may well be argued that we had better speak of an "*uncovered* check"; yet, the more conventional phrase was used as early as 1614 — "The mate by discovery is the most industrious mate of all." It need not be a mate, though, nor even a check. In this position Thorold, by dis- or uncovering the power of his own Rook produced a beautiful finish.

(1) Q-B3 ch K-Kt1
(2) QxR ch KxQ

Or again it may well be a case of "discovering" a variety of threats, including a most profitable series of discovered checks, such as in this position where, at Moscow 1925, Torre slew the great Emanuel Lasker like this.

(1) B-B6 QxQ
(2) RxP ch K-R1
(3) RxP ch K-Kt1
(4) R-Kt7 ch K-R1
(5) RxB ch K-Kt1
(6) R-Kt7ch K-R1
(7) R-Kt5 ch etc.

Finally, here is a very pretty little piece of "discovery" achieved by the reigning British Champion, E. Klein. Playing Black against B. H. Wood (at Brighton, 1938), Klein just had his "pinned" KP attacked by P-B4. Yet, after (1) . . . P-Kt7 ch (2) K-B2 he blithely "uncovered" the B by PxP, with a clear win after

(3) BxB P-B6
(4) B-Kt1 K-Q5
(5) KxP KxP
(6) K-B2 K-K6 etc.

A: A. Wotava, 1936

In this week's competition **A** and **B**, in some variations at any rate, are more or less related to the subject-matter of this article; but competitors may well consider this a meagre hint for studies quite difficult enough to rate 7 ladder-points each. White to win in both of them. As for **C**—White to draw—this has nothing whatever to do with this week's theme-song. I merely picked it because it is an uncommonly ingenious and witty study, well worth 8 points. Usual prizes. Entries by December 10.

B: P. Heuäcker, 1951.

C: Alexandrov, 1929

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 10

A: (1) K-Q4, R-R5 ch; (2) K-K5, R-R1; (3) Q-Q8 and mates next move.

This real "key-move" cannot be done at once, as Black would escape by castling.

B: (1) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; (2) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt2; (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt1; (4) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B1; (5) Q-Kt7 ch, Q-Q1; (6) K-Q2!!

C: (1) B-Q8 ch, K-R2; (2) R x P ch, P x R; (3) Q-Q7 ch K-Kt1; (4) Q-QR7 ch, K-R1; (5) Q-B8 ch, K-R2; (6) B-Kt6 ch, K x B; (7) Q-QKt8 mate.

If (2) . . . K-Kt1; (3) Q-B4 ch, etc.

Some competitors, ignoring one of my broad hints, overlooked that in **A** the immediate Q-Q6 is countered by 0-0. Others were stumped by the intricacies of **B**. Even so there were too many flawless solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by J. D. M. Bell, F. M. Hicks, J. J. Kenna, J. T. Naylor, W. K. White. A synonym for *zwischenzug*? Several correspondents suggest that "interpolation" should do. But I think it states the fact rather than describes the action. I got a good many amusing suggestions such as "fulcrum" (A. J. Roycroft), "leak-stopper" (D. G. Brown), "Twixtery" (D. W. Bothwell). The latter shares the consolation prize with "interloper" (F. Kaufmann). First prize shared by E. Allan, P. Hamburger, M. Kaye for "inter-move," "interim move," and "interplay" (for the plural).

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"ENGLISH Illustrated" is the best gift for friends knowing little English. Your newsagent will send it for 9s. p.a. "English Illustrated," Godalming, Surrey.

TWO Tricolor Welsh Corgi Dog Pups for sale, 3 months. Beautifully bred and most promising. Pamela Brown, Fairfield, Winterbourne Earls, Salisbury. Tel.: W'bourne. Gunner 217.

YOUNG French girl, wanting to learn English, desires place in family to look after children/lady's companion. Box 7283.

CAST, interested for art's sake, reqd. found new theatrical venture. Box 7258.

SEASONED, travelled, practical man, aged 36, and artist wife, both with wide range of experience, desire interesting work, with unfurnished cottage in beautiful surroundings. (Three healthy kiddies). Box 7217.

WINTER Sports Holidays. Friendly groups, pleasant hotels, hand-picked ski-ing centres, modest charges. These are described in our winter programme, free from Ramblers' Association, 48 (a) Park Road, N.W.1.

RELAX through Nerve Manipulation. A therapy of proved value for highly-strung people. A reinvigorating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Ask for explanatory brochure. Enquiries: Welbeck 9600.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane Street, advises customers that opening hours are extended on Saturdays, Dec. 8, 15 and 22, until 5 p.m. Christmas range of pottery, glass, toys, fabrics and furniture. SLO. 5779.

AUTHORS with books in the Autumn lists may require portraits for professional use. John Vickers specialises in photographs of those whose personality is somewhat elusive of the camera. 29.B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

CHRISTMAS/New Year House Party in attractive country house near Windsor invites few additional members in search of a gay, informal Christmas in interesting company. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

VACATIONS are brighter if you travel with N.U.S. There is just time to book at our Swiss and Austrian ski-ing centres for Christmas and the New Year, and for Norway's slopes which come into their own in January. 16-day tours to centres at St. Anton, Innsbruck, Kitzbühel, Pontresina, Klosters and Wengen cost from £25 inclusive. Life in Paris is gay at Christmas and the New Year—for 8 days you can taste it at the inclusive price of £13 10s. Call, 'phone or write to the National Union of Students for further details of these and other good things, but to avoid disappointment remember that time is short. 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

CHRISTMAS in Paris, Dec. 22-26, £14 10s. incl. fare. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

YOUR holiday in the sunshine of Morocco will take you to Tangier, Casablanca, Marrakesh, Fez and Algiers. 16 full days in North Africa, travelling by de luxe Motor Pullman; outward and return journey by air, or rail and boat. Fully conducted and inclusive London-to-London. 1st class throughout, 147gns. Tours leaving from mid-January, personally supervised by Mr. Frederick Gardiner. Gardiner Travel Service, 311 Regent St., W.1. REG. 1540 or GRO. 5375.

SUNDAY Language Circle, French, German, English for Foreigners. 4-7 every Sunday. South Kensington Restaurant, 10 The Arcade, S.W.7. Adm. 2s. 6d., self-serv.

SUNSHINE holidays in Winter. Glorious vacations in the warm sunshine of Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza, Malaga, Alicante and Canaries. A 15-day holiday, fully inclusive London back to London from £32. Apply for full details to Sec Spain Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. HOLborn 9351/2.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, concertings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

PARIS (Dec. 29-Jan. 5) from 11gns. "Globex," 3 Oldham Rd., Manchester.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sara Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, London, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

RUSSIAN, French & Spanish—classes & corr. 144 Russell Ct., W.C.1.

LEARN French through conversation with qualified teacher. 30s. p.w. 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

PIANO lessons by concert pianist. Continental training. Tel. VIC. 0820.

ODD-jobs. Decorative help for homes. I paint furniture, floors; make curtains, lampshades; frame photos, etc. Willing service, moderate charges. Box 7215.

HINDI tuition & transl. by expert. Tuitions individual, by corr., mornings.

EXHIBITION and Conference Rooms available in West End. Apply British Colour Council, 13 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 4185.

WINTER Sports Holidays. Switzerland 9 days from £21 10s. 6d., Austria 9 days from £21 12s. 6d. For full particulars of these and many other attractive offers write to Hotel Plan, Limited, 245 Regent Street, London, W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

WINTER Holidays on skis or by the seashore individually planned. Travel rich, travel poor; but travel happy through Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Man., Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

CHRISTMAS Cards for Countrylovers are now available with delightful illustrations of English and Continental scenes. 5s. 6d. per dozen. Write or call Ramblers' Association Services, 48 Park Road, N.W.1.

SHORTHAND in 12 hrs.! Learn TROAB, the simplest system ever devised. Individ. tuition, low fees. Detls.: TROAB Shorthand (NS), BCM/TROAB, London, W.C.1.

WINTER-sporting at Christmas? You will be welcome at our informal Christmas/New Year party to Lech am Arlberg, Dec. 21, or Obergurgl, Dec. 28. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

DO you want to be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament is now enrolling members for 54th session. All Parties and Independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in debates. Mtgs. Tn. Hall, Weds. 8.15. Sec., 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

NICE for Christmas and New Year! By specially heated luxury motor coach, 16 days' tour—£57 10s., leaving London Dec. 21, escorted throughout; or visit Winter Sports resorts by coach, leaving Jan. 6, 14 days—55gns. Details from Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Dept. I/A/FZ, Berkeley St., London, W.1, or branches.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anmwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

P.S. Weinachten in Osterreich! Noël en Suisse! Ski at Obergurgl, 26½gns., or Bretaye sur Villars, 28½gns.

P.P.S. Apply to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, every comfort & conv. amidst delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

BEXHILL—Join our Xmas Party. Country house nr. sea. Family atmosphere. Own produce/poultry. Terms mod. Details: The Thorne, Ninfield Rd., Bexhill (Ninfield 212).

WINTER in the West at The Carnarvon Arms Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset. Winter holidays or residence. Terms October to March, 5 to 6gns. Central heating, varied and good food. Billiard Room, fully licensed. Tel. Dulverton 2 and 184.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A charming house in secluded grounds. Ideal for long or short stay, conferences, etc. A.A. appvd. Tel. 3155.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm. Spend Christmas in Old English Style: Jersey cows, log fires, good food, good company. O. & H. Hildrich, Port Isaac 234.

FRENCH Riviera all the year round. Enjoy sun and sea, varied and ample menu, all modern comforts, at less than £1 a day inclusive. Write for brochure: English Manager, L'Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

JUPPSLAND Farm Guest House and riding stables, Adversane, Billingshurst, 'phone 98, Sussex. From 5 to 6gns. with riding; television; h. & c., electric fires. Train 1 hr. Victoria, on Horsham Pulborough bus route.

EDINBURGH. West End. All H. & C. 16 Rothesay Place, 3. Central 4871.

VEGETARIAN Country Club, high up in Surrey. Thinkers' rendezvous. Generous meals. Upwood House, Caterham. Tel. 3633.

ENCHANTED visitor back from Tyrol recommends for ideal ski-ing and winter holidays Hotel Caltenberghaus, Inner Alpbach. Exquisite food. Delightful atmosphere. 17s. 6d. a day. For infm. ring MOU. 9936.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in sheltered Cotswold valley offers special opportunities for rest and recuperation during winter months. Home-grown produce; log fires; bkft. in bed (optnl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. weekly. Tel. Robertsbridge 148.

SPEND Christmas Vacation Bardfield Hall Hotel, Essex. Jolly time assured. Cen. htg. Good fare, licensed. Dancing, Tennis, Squash. London buses pass. Brochure. From 30s. p. day. Tel. Gt. Bardfield 241.

PARIS. You are sure of every comfort at the Imperial Hotel, 45 rue de la Victoire, 9e. Tel. TRInité 10-47. Single rooms at 700 francs, double at 900. Quiet, central. Write for brochure or booking.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, St. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Plant. hol. resort. OTTag. sen. Attractive cuisine. Brochure.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

COUNTRY House Christmas. Wonderful food. 3 days, 2gns. Children cheap. Cossington House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset.

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & C. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Third Person." Tues. mat., 7. "The Great Adventure." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Last week. "The Hawthorn Grove." Weds. to Sun. 7.30. Mems. only.

UNIV. College London Dramatic Society presents "Herod The King," translated by R. P. Keighwin from Danish of Kaj Munk, at University College on Dec. 5, 6, 7 & 8, at 7.30 p.m. & at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, Dec. 10 at 7.45 p.m. Inftn., Bus. Manager, UCLDS., Gower St., W.C.1.

THE "First Stage" Society presents on Dec. 9 at 8 p.m. at The French Institute a reading of "Aucassin and Nicolette," a lyric drama, words by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon, music by Clifton Parker. Mems. by Yoma Sattringham, with Selma Vaz Dias and a cast of 30. Membership 2s. 6d.; tickets 2s. 6d. (guests 3s. 6d.). Apply First Stage Society, c/o Inst. Copyright Bureau, 11 Haymarket, S.W.1. WHI. 0173.

"BILLY Budd," an intro. to Britten's new opera, by Peter Gellhorn, with illus. by members of the Covent Gdn. cast. Sun., Dec. 9, at 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Furtvics. from Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EVERYMAN. Hum. 1525. Until Dec. 2: "Chee's Paris Dress" (U) and "An Italian Straw Hat" (U). From Dec. 3: Noel Coward in "The Scoundrel" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3331. Dec. 2, 7.30. "Reka" (A) (Czechoslovakia).

CHINESE Films! 2 world prizewinners in one tremendous programme! "Daughters of China" and "Liberated China" (both 35mm.) at Isington Town Hall, N.1, Mon., Dec. 3, 7 p.m. Speaker, Jack Dribbon, just back from China. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 37 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2 (stpd. addr. env., please). Stop Press: Madame Kazantseva, famous Soviet soprano, has consented to sing during the evening.

EVENING of Czechoslovak Films, arranged by British-Czechoslovak Friendship League at 20 Penn St., S.W.1. Tues., Dec. 4, 7.45 p.m. sharp. Adm. free, all welcome.

REQUIEM Mass (Verdi). Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Dec. 5, at 8. Soloists: Lucia Kalston, Ebe Stignani, Hans Hopf, Tancredi Pasero. B.B.C. Choral Society, Royal Choral Society, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., at Hall (Ken. 8212), and usual Agents.

ERIC Hope, Sat., Dec. 1, at 7.30, Wigmore Hall. Piano Recital. Bach, Beethoven (Op. 110), Chopin. (Dante Sonata, Ginasteru (1st perf.), Chopin. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall. (Pro Arte Society).

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by Brigitte Loeser (cello) and Paul Hamburger (piano), Sun., Dec. 2, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

STRAVINSKY'S "Rake's Progress." 1st Concert Scene, by Edith Trantom (Soprano), Anthony Bowles (Piano). London Musical Club, 21 Holland Park, W.11. Thurs., Dec. 6, 8.15, 2s. 6d. Mems. 2s.

HAROLD Isaiger, Piano Recital, Irving Gallery, Leics. Sq., Mon., Dec. 3, 7.15.

FOLK Lore & Dances of the West Indies. The W. African Arts Club presents Beryl McBurnie & Company in a Lecture Demonstration, assisted by Philip Gbedze, group in Traditional Gold Coast Dancing, Wed., Dec. 5, Chelsea Town Hall, 8 p.m. Tickets from D. Brooks, 12 Rushbrook Cres., E.17, or D. Thompson, 1 Hans Cres., Knightsbridge, 3s. 6d. (at Little Carib Theatre, Trinidad Club).

AUSTRIAN Krampus Dance. The Anglo-Austrian Society invites you to Kensington Town Hall (opp. High St. Kensington Tube), on Thursday, Dec. 6, at 8 p.m. Hilde Leggens sings Viennese songs. Viennese Buffet. Dancing till 11.30. Tickets from Secy., 139 Kensington High St., W.8. Members 5s.; non-members and all tickets at door 7s. 6d. Book early!

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Penn St., S.W.1. Sat., Dec. 1, 7.30 p.m. Dance. Ted Macs Band. Adm., members 2s. 6d., non-members 3s. 6d., including refreshments. Licensed bar for members only.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Annual Dinner-Dance. Guests of honour, Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., and Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P. Wed., December 19, 6.45 p.m. for 7.15 p.m. at Tavistock Restaurant, 18 Charing X Road, W.C.2. Tickets 14s. 6d. each from Miss M. McMillan, 52, Hampstead Way, N.W.11 (enclose s.a.e.).

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre stands for Friendship and Peace between Youth of all Nations. Meet us at Grand Social, Sun., Dec. 2, 8 p.m., 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Dancing & entertainment. 2s.

HAMPSTEAD Artists Council. Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. "Christmas Market." Sat., Nov. 24, to Sun. Dec. 23. Daily 2-7, incl. Suns.

EXHIBITIONS

EDVARD Munch. An Arts Council Exhibition, arranged in connection with the City of Oslo, Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 2. Weekdays 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—*continued*

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints for Christmas presents. Frames should be ordered now. Complete range on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 6d. post free.

THE Italian Institute, 39 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Great Britain and Italy in the Risorgimento 1815-1848 (Foscolo, Byron, Mazzini, Carlyle, Garibaldi, Palmerston, etc.; pictures and records). Dec. 7, 1951-Feb. 7, 1952. Mon.-Fri. 11-6; Sat. 11-4; Sun. 2-4. Adm. 1s. 6d. Members free.

MENINSKY and Adler. Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till December 22. Mons., Weds., Fridays, Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (6th Series) 45 Paintings—Boudin, Degas, Forain, Monet, Picasso, etc. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Beautiful French Paintings between 1815 and 1915. Fabric Collages by Margaret Kaye.

ARCHER Gall., 303 Westbourne Gr. W.11. Recent Tapestry & Decorations by Michael O'Connell. Till Dec. 15. Mon.-Sat. 10-5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. Special Exhibits: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1650. Prehistoric Man in Health & Sickness. (Last wks).

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhn. Oils, Water Colours, Drawings. 10-5. Sundays excepted.

MONTAGE Gallerics, 39 James St., Wigmore St., W.1. First exhibition in England of Paintings, Drawings & Sculpture by Ranjit Fernando of the 43 Group Ceylon. December 4-15.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VI, including paintings by Corot, Degas, Wilson, Bonington, Courbet, Morisot, Cézanne, Bonnard, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Bonnard and Vuillard. Designs for "Tiresias" by Isabel Lambert. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until December 8.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by Robert Cuff, Ivor Fox, Jean Young, also A.I.A. Lithographs, Xmas Cards, etc. Daily 11-6. Sats. inc.

PICASSO. Last week. (Dcf. closing Dec. 6). I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 10-6 daily. Sun. 2-6.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until Dec. 2.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings & Works by G. Loiseau, 1865-1915.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Yorkshire Landscapes by L. Colbourn.

FOUR Contemporary Painters. Exhibition in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Nov. 27-Dec. 21. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat. 10-1.

CRAXTON, Pignon, Stella Steyn and Chienying Chang at the Leicester Galleries, Leics. Sq. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum "Brains Trust on "Negotiation or War?" Eric Fletcher, M.P., Labour, Sir Hopkin Morris, M.P., Liberal, Henry Brooke, M.P., Conservative, Thurs., Dec. 13, 7.30 p.m. C.E.A. Hall, 3rd Floor, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. "Poland's Frontiers—War or Peace?" Very Important lecture by Rev. Stanley Evans. Chairman: Mr. William Tait. Both recently returned from Poland. Fri., Nov. 30, at 7.45 p.m. All welcome. Questions answered.

JEWISH Forum for the discussion of topical Jewish Questions: (3) "Can Jewish Communities continue under Communism?" Spkrs.: Isaac Deutscher, Prof. H. Levy, M.A., D.Sc., I. Nathani, Dr. A. Steinberg. In the chair: N. Barou, Ph.D. (Econ.). Discussion. Tuesday, Dec. 4, 8 p.m., at Anglo-Israel Club, 43/44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Arr. by World Jewish Congress, Brit. Sectn.

DR. John Lewis, "Humanism and Communism." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 7&3 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn. Sun., Dec. 2 at 7.45.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda. Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Kingsway Hall. Dec. 4: "The Free Soul." All welcome.

BRITISH Peace Committee Dinner with The Dean of Canterbury and Mrs. Nowell Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Pritt and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Coppard, at "Chez Auguste," 47 Frith St., London, W.1. Thursday, Dec. 6, 7.15 for 7.45 p.m. 12s. 6d. single, 22s. double from B.P.C., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

RT. Hon. Harold Wilson on "World Poverty" at Christian Action Lunch-hour Forum, Caxton Hall, Tues., Dec. 4, 1.15.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Dec. 6, 6.30 p.m. Lecture by Prof. Jules Lespes: "Modern Democracy and Western Constitutions," a problem of the present time. Adm. free.

TEACHERS' conference on "Education and Peace." Leah Manning, Dora Russell, Rev. Dr. A. D. Beldon, Prof. F. G. Gregory, F.R.S., Dec. 8 at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria, at 2.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

PUBLIC Inquiry into alleged obstruction of British subjects travelling to Berlin on August last. National Hotel, Bedford Way, Russell Square. Fri., Nov. 30, 7 p.m.: Sat., Dec. 1, 2.30 p.m. S. Silverman, M.P., Dr. J. Needham, Douglas Goldring, P. Belcher, Rev. L. Woodland. Organized by National Council for Civil Liberties.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30. 3rd: "Approach to Colonial Problems," by Marjorie Nicholson. 10th: "Social Development in New Zealand," by A. T. Campbell. 17th: Watford Chamber Group play Mozart, Haydn.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 2: Lancelot F. Whyte, "Divided Man at the Cross-roads." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

ANGLO-Russian Relations: A Conference with R. H. S. Crossman and R. Palme Dutt; Saturday, December 1, 2.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane, E.C.4. Tickets 1s. 6d. Tea should be ordered with applicn. (Not payable in advance, 1s.) Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Dec. 2: Spiritual Alchemy.

"THE Occult Power of Money." Prof. H. F. Trewman. Sun., Dec. 2, 7, Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

H. J. Blackham, "Basic Attitudes to Life." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 2, at 11 a.m.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Dec. 4, J. A. C. Brown, M.B., Ch.B., "Do We Need Religion?" Admission free. Collection.

COLLEGE of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1. The Joseph Payne Memorial Lectures entitled "Horizons in the School" will be given in the College on December 6, January 17 and 31. Lecture on December 6 "The Limitations of National Thinking and Feeling," by Geoffrey Gorer. Chair: The Hon. Harold Nicholson, C.M.G.

TARBUT La'am Jewish Cultural Centre, 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Sun., Dec. 2 at 8. "The Future of Art in Israel": A. Melnikoff, the Israeli sculptor. Wed., Dec. 5, at 8. "Socialism & the Struggle for Jewish National Survival": I. Nathani.

CLAUDE Houghton will speak on "A Writer and his Collaborators," December 14 at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. Free.

BRITISH-Rumanian Friendship Assoc.: The Dean of Canterbury and others on "Our Visit to Rumania," Holborn Hall, Tues., Dec. 4, at 7.30. Adm. free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., 5 Dec., 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Social Services under the Labour Government," Rt. Hon. Edith Summerskill, M.P. Adm. 1s. 6d.

ANIMAL Sculpture: Alec Clifton-Taylor will give an illustrated talk in the Finsbury Health Centre, Pine St., E.C.1 (nr. Mt. Pleasant), Wed., Dec. 5, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Music of Aaron Copland." Illus. lecture by Prof. Anthony Donato (U.S.A.), Thurs., Dec. 6, 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

"THE New Situation in the Middle East," lecture by Hon. Edwin Samuel, Dec. 6 at 8.15 p.m. Adm. by invitation from Sec., Anglo-Israel Assoc., 11 Mansfield St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

AT Pendley, Dec. 7 to 9, "Ballet." A full week-end of demonstrations and talks: "History of Ballet," "Character Dancing," "Choreography," "Training for Ballet." Experts speak on technical ballet matters for the amateur enthusiast. Dec. 14 to 16, "The Gramophone." A week-end of highest interest to all owners of gramophones: practical advice on equipment, guidance to the catalogues, latest American recordings, LP, range of recording possibilities, care of discs, etc. Full parties. from Sec., Pendley Manor, Tring. Tring 2702.

"THE Forces of our Time." Last 2 of series arranged by the Iona Education Centre, St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., Thursdays, Dec. 6, "The Impact on the Family." Speaker, Mary Macaulay; Chairman, Rev. Clifford Macquire. Dec. 13, "The Impact on the Personality of Man." Leslie Paul; Chair: Prof. George Rogers. Adm. 3s.

SCIENCE and Scientific Thought in Chinese Civilization. Joseph Needham, Sc.D., F.R.S. Dec. 7-9. Brazierts Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

LECTURE COURSES, Etc.—*continued*

ESSEX Education Committee. Carols and other music: residential Week-end Course at Wansfell Adult College, Theydon Bois, Essex. December 21-23. Lecturers, recitals, etc., by Peter Gellhorn, Dr. Leslie Russell, Patrick Shuldham Shaw, Joyce Hatto, Ralph Hall. Fee £1 19s. Details from Warden.

CHRISTMAS Course, London: Dec. 31-Jan. 5. Psychology of Movement; Movement and Music; Modern Dance Technique; Movement Notation. Dir. by Rudolf Laban, Lisa Ullmann. Dets.: Sec., Art of Movement Studio, 183/5 Oxford Rd., Manchester 13.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1923. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.